



*Boillard fecit*





*Boylard Test*

T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
P O M P E Y *the* L I T T L E.  
O R, T H E  
L I F E a n d A D V E N T U R E S  
O F A  
L A P - D O G.

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—*gressumque Canes comitantur herilem.*  
VIR. ÆN.

—*mutato nomine de te*  
*Fabula narratur.* HOR.

---

*The* F O U R T H E D I T I O N.

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T O

*Henry Fielding, Esq;*

S I R,

**M**Y design being to speak a word or two in behalf of novel-writing, I know not to whom I can address myself with so much propriety as to yourself, who unquestionably stand foremost in this species of composition.

To convey instruction in a pleasant manner, and mix entertainment with it, is certainly a commendable undertaking, perhaps more likely to be attended with success than graver

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pre-



#### iv DEDICATION.

precepts; and even where amusement is the chief thing consulted, there is some little merit in making people laugh, when it is done without giving offence to religion, or virtue, or good manners. If the laugh be not raised at the expence of innocence or decency, good humour bids us indulge it, and we cannot well laugh too often.

CAN one help wondering therefore at the contempt, with which many people affect to talk of this sort of composition? they seem to think it degrades the dignity of their understandings, to be found with a novel in their hands, and take great pains to let you know that they never read them. They are people of too great importance, it seems, to mispend their time in so idle a manner, and much too wise to be amused.

Now, tho' many reasons may be given for this ridiculous and affected disdain,

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disdain, I believe a very principal one, is the pride and pedantry of learned men, who are willing to monopolize reading to themselves, and therefore fastidiously decry all books that are on a level with common understandings, as empty, trifling and impertinent.

Thus the grave metaphysician for example, who after working night and day perhaps for several years, sends forth at last a profound treatise, where *A.* and *B.* seem to contain some very deep mysterious meaning; grows indignant to think that every little paltry scribbler, who paints only the characters of the age, the manners of the times, and the working of the passions, should presume to equal him in glory.

THE politician too, who shakes his head in coffee-houses, and produces now and then, from his fund of observations, a grave, sober, political pamphlet on the good of the

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nation; looks down with contempt on all such idle compositions, as lives and romances, which contain no strokes of satire at the ministry, no unmannerly reflections upon *Hannover*, nor any thing concerning the balance of power on the continent. These gentlemen and their readers join all to a man in depreciating works of humour: or if they ever vouchsafe to speak in their praise, the commendation never rises higher than, ‘yes, ’tis well enough for ‘such a sort of a thing;’ after which the grave observator retires to his news-paper, and there, according to the general estimation, employs his time *to the best advantage*.

BUT besides these, there is another set, who never read any modern books at all. They, wise men, are so deep in the learned languages, that they can pay no regard to what has been published within these last thousand years. The world is grown old; mens geniusses are degenerated;

## DEDICATION. vii

ted; the writers of this age are too contemptible for their notice, and they have no hopes of any better to succeed them. Yet these gentlemen of profound erudition will contentedly read any trash, that is disguised in a learned language, and the worst ribaldry of *Aristophanes*, shall be critiqued and commented on by men, who turn up their noses at *Gulliver* or *Joseph Andrews*.

BUT if this contempt for books of amusement be carried a little too far, as I suspect it is, even among men of science and learning, what shall be said to some of the greatest triflers of the times, who affect to talk the same language? these surely have no right to express any disdain of what is at least equal to their understandings. Scholars and men of learning have a reason to give; their application to severe studies may have destroyed their relish for works of a lighter cast, and consequently it cannot be expected that they should ap-



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prove what they do not understand. But as for beaux, rakes, petit-maitres and fine ladies, whose lives are spent in doing the things which novels record, I do not see why they should be indulged in affecting a contempt of them. People, whose most earnest business is to dress and play at cards, are not so importantly employed, but that they may find leisure now and then to read a novel. Yet these are as forward as any to despise them; and I once heard a very fine lady, condemning some highly finished conversations in one of your works, sir, for this curious reason—‘because,’ said she, ‘’tis  
‘such sort of stuff as passes every  
‘day between me and my own  
‘maid.’

I do not pretend to apply any thing here said in behalf of books of amusement, to the following little work, of which I ask your patronage: I am sensible how very imperfect it is in all its parts, and how  
unworthy

## DEDICATION. ix

unworthy to be ranked in that class of writings, which I am now defending. But I desire to be understood in general, or more particularly with an eye to your works, which I take to be master-pieces and complete models in their kind. They are, I think, worthy the attention of the greatest and wisest men, and if any body is ashamed of reading them, or can read them without entertainment and instruction, I heartily pity their understandings.

THE late editor of Mr. *Pope's* works, in a very ingenious note, wherein he traces the progress of romance-writing, justly observes, that this species of composition is now brought to maturity by Mr. *De Marivaux* in *France*, and Mr. *Fielding* in *England*.

I HAVE but one objection to make to this remark, which is, that the name of Mr. *De Marivaux* stands foremost of the two: a superiority I

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can by no means allow him. Mr. *Marivaux* is indeed a very amiable, elegant, witty and penetrating writer. The reflections he scatters up and down his *Marianne* are highly judicious, *recherchées*, and infinitely agreeable. But not to mention that he never finishes his works, which greatly disappoints his readers, I think, his *characters* fall infinitely short of those we find in the performances of his *English* cotemporary. They are neither so original, so ludicrous, so well distinguished, nor so happily contrasted as your own: and as the characters of a novel principally determine its merit, I must be allowed to esteem my countryman the greater author.

THERE is another celebrated novel writer, of the same kingdom, now living, who in the choice and diversity of his characters, perhaps exceeds his rival Mr. *Marivaux*, and would deserve greater commendation, if the extreme libertinism of his

## DEDICATION. xi

his plans, and too wanton drawings of nature, did not take off from the other merit of his works; tho' at the same time it must be confessed, that his genius and knowledge of mankind are very extensive. But with all due respect for the parts of these two able *Frenchmen*, I will venture to say they have their superior, and whoever has read the works of Mr. *Fielding*, cannot be at a loss to determine who that superior is. Few books of this kind have ever been written with a spirit equal to *Joseph Andrews*, and no story that I know of, was ever invented with more happiness, or conducted with more art and management than that of *Tom Jones*.

As to the following little piece, sir, it pretends to a very small degree of merit. 'Tis the first essay of a young author, and perhaps may be the last. A very hasty and unfinished edition of it was published last winter, which meeting with a

I more



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more favourable reception than its writer had any reason to expect, he has since been tempted to revise and improve it, in hopes of rendering it a little more worthy of his readers regard. With these alterations he now begs leave, sir, to desire your acceptance of it; he can hardly hope for your approbation; but whatever be its fate, he is proud in this public manner to declare himself

*Your constant reader,*

*and sincere admirer.*

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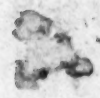
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THE CONCLUSION.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
POMPEY *the* LITTLE.

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BOOK I.

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CHAP. I.

*A panegyric upon dogs, together with some observations on modern novels and romances.*

**V**ARIOUS and wonderful,  
in all ages, have been the  
actions of dogs; and were I to  
collect, from poets and histo-  
rians, the many passages that make  
honourable mention of them, I should  
compose a work much too large and  
B voluminous

voluminous for the patience of any modern reader. But as the politicians of the age, and men of gravity may be apt to censure me for mispending my time in writing the adventures of a lap-dog, when there are so many *modern heroes*, whose illustrious actions call loudly for the pen of an historian; it will not be amiss to detain the reader, in the entrance of this work, with a short panegyric on the *canine race*, to justify my undertaking.

AND can we, without the basest ingratitude, think ill of an animal, that has ever honoured mankind with his company and friendship, from the beginning of the world to the present moment? While all other creatures are in a state of enmity with us; some flying into woods and wildernesses to escape our tyranny, and others requiring to be restrained with bridles and fences in close confinement; dogs alone enter into voluntary friendship with us, and of their own accord make their residence among us.

NOR do they trouble us only with officious fidelity, and useless good-will,  
2 but

## POMPEY THE LITTLE.

3

but take care to earn their livelihood by many meritorious services: they guard our houses, supply our tables with provision, amuse our leisure hours, and discover plots to the government. Nay, I have heard of a dog's making a syllogism; which cannot fail to endear him to our two famous universities, where his brother-logicians are so honoured and distinguished for their skill in that *useful* science.

AFTER these extraordinary instances of sagacity and merit, it may be thought too ludicrous, perhaps, to mention the capacity they have often discovered, for playing at cards, fiddling, dancing, and other polite accomplishments; yet I cannot help relating a little story, which formerly happened at the play-house in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

THERE was, at that time, the same emulation between the two houses, as there is at present between the two great republics of *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden*; each of them striving to amuse the town with various feats of activity, when they began to grow tired of sense, wit, and action. At length,



the managers of the house of *Lincoln's-Inn, Fields*, possessed with a happy turn of thought, introduced a dance of dogs; who were dressed in *French* characters, to make the representation more ridiculous, and acquitted themselves for several evenings to the universal delight and improvement of the town. But one unfortunate night, a malicious wag behind the scenes, threw down among them the leg of a fowl, which he had brought thither in his pocket for that purpose. Instantly all was in confusion; the marquis shook off his peruke, mademoiselle dropp'd her hoop-petticoat, the fiddler threw away his violin, and all fell to scrambling for the prize that was thrown among them.—But let us return to graver matter.

IF we look back into ancient history, we shall find the wisest and most celebrated nations of antiquity, as it were, contending with one another, which should pay the greatest honour to dogs. The old astronomers denominated stars after their name; and the *Egyptians* in particular, a sapient and venerable people, worshipped a dog among the principal of their divinities. The poets represent  
*Diana,*

*Diana*, as spending great part of her life among a pack of hounds, which I mention for the honour of the country gentlemen of *Great Britain*; and we know that the illustrious *Theseus* dedicated much of his time to the same companions.

**JULIUS POLLUX** informs us, that the art of dying purple and scarlet cloth was first found out by *Hercules's* dog, who roving along the sea coast, and accidentally eating of the fish *Murex*, or *Purpura*, his lips became tinged with that colour; from whence the hint was first taken of the purple manufacture, and to this lucky Event our fine Gentlemen of the army are indebted for the scarlet, with which they subdue the hearts of so many fair ladies.

BUT nothing can give us a more exalted idea of these illustrious animals, than to consider, that formerly, in old *Greece*, they founded a sect of philosophy; the members whereof took the name of *Cynics*, and were gloriously ambitious of assimilating themselves to the manners and behaviour of that animal, from whom they derived their title.

AND that the ladies of *Greece* had as great a fondness for them as the fair ones of our own isle, may be collected from the story which *Lucian* relates of a certain philosopher; who in the excess of his complaisance to a woman of fashion, took up her *favourite lap-dog* one day, attempting to caress and kiss it; but the little creature, not being used to the rude gripe of philosophic hands, found his loins affected in such a manner, that he was obliged to water the sage's beard, as he held him to his mouth; which so discomposed that principal, if not only feat of his wisdom, as excited laughter in all the beholders.

SUCH was the reverence paid to them among the nations of antiquity; and if we descend to later times, neither there shall we want examples of great mens devoting themselves to dogs. King *Charles* the second, of pious and immortal memory, came always to his council-board accompanied with a favourite spaniel; who propagated his breed, and scattered his image through the land, almost as extensively as his royal

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 7

royal master. His successor, king *James*, of pious and immortal memory likewise, was distinguished for the same attachment to these four-footed worthies; and 'tis reported of him, that being once in a dangerous storm at sea, and obliged to quit the ship for his life, he roar'd aloud with a most vehement voice, as his principal concern, 'to save the dogs, and colonel *Churchill*.' But why need we multiply examples? The greatest heroes and beauties have not been ashamed to erect monuments to them in their gardens, nor the greatest wits and poets to write their epitaphs. Bishops have entrusted them with their secrets, and prime-ministers deigned to receive information from them, when conspiracies were hatching against the government. Islands likewise, as well as stars, have been called after their names; so that I hope no one will dare to think me idly employed in composing the following work: or if any such critic should be found, let him own himself ignorant of ancient and modern history, let him confess himself an enemy to his country, and ungrateful to the benefactors of *Great-Britain*.



AND as no exception can reasonably be taken against the dignity of my hero, much less can I expect any will arise against the nature of this work, in this *life-writing age* especially, when no character is thought too inconsiderable to engage the public notice, or too abandoned to be set up as a pattern of imitation. The lowest and most contemptible vagrants, parish-girls, chambermaids, pick-pockets, and highwaymen, find historians to record their praises, and readers to wonder at their exploits. Star-gazers, superannuated strumpets, quarrelling lovers, all think themselves authorized to appeal to the public, and to *write apologies* for their lives. Even the prisons and stews are ransacked to find materials for novels and romances. Thus we have seen the memoirs of a lady of pleasure, and the memoirs of a lady of quality; both written with the same public-spirited aim, of initiating the unexperienced part of the female sex into the hidden mysteries of love; only that the former work has rather a greater air of chastity, if possible, than the latter. And I am told that illustrious mimic

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 9

mic Mr. *F—t*, when all other expedients fail him, designs, as the last effort of his wit, to oblige the world with an accurate history of his own life; with which view one may suppose he takes care to chequer it with so many extraordinary occurrences, and selects such Adventures as will best serve hereafter to amaze and astonish his readers.

THIS then being the case, I hope the very superiority of the character here treated of, above the heroes of common romances, will procure it a favourable reception, altho' perhaps I may fall short of my great cotemporaries in the elegance of style, and graces of language. For when such multitudes of lives are daily offered to the publick, written *by the saddest dogs, or of the saddest dogs* of the times, it may be considered as some little merit to have chosen a subject worthy the dignity of history; in which single view I may be allowed to paragon myself with the incomparable writer of the life of *Cicero*, in that I have deserted the beaten track of biographers, and ventured to snatch a laurel,

*Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora  
musæ.*

HAVING detained the reader with this little necessary introduction, I now proceed to open the birth and parentage of my Hero.

## CHAP. II.

*The birth, parentage, education, and travels of a lap-dog.*

POMPEY, the son of *Julio* and *Phyllis*, was born A. D. 1735, at *Bologna* in *Italy*, a place famous for lap-dogs and sausages. Both his parents were of the most illustrious families, descended from a long train of ancestors, who had figured in many parts of *Europe*, and lived in intimacy with the greatest men of the times. They had frequented the chambers of the proudest beauties, and had access to the closets of the greatest princes. Cardinals, kings, popes, emperors, were all happy in their acquaintance; and I am told the elder branch of the family now lives with his present

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 11

present Holiness in the papal palace at *Rome*.

BUT *Julio*, the father of my hero, being a younger brother of a numerous family, fell to the share of an *Italian* nobleman at *Bologna*; who was about this time engaged in an intrigue with a celebrated courtesan of the place. And little *Julio* often attending him when he made his visits to her, as it is the nature of all servants to imitate the vices of their masters, he also commenced an affair of gallantry with a favourite little bitch named *Phyllis*, at that time the darling of this *fille de joye*. For a long while she rejected his courtship with disdain, and received him with that coyness, which beauties of her sex know very well how to counterfeit; but at length in a little closet devoted to *Venus*, the happy lover accomplished his desires, and *Phyllis* soon gave signs of pregnancy.

I HAVE not been able to learn whether my hero was introduced into the world with any prodigies preceding his birth; and tho' the practice of most historians might authorize me to invent them. I

think



think it most ingenuous to confess, as well as most probable to conclude, that nature did not put herself to any miraculous expence on this occasion. Miracles are unquestionably ceased in this century, whatever they might be in some former ones; there needs no Dr. *Middleton* to convince us of this; and I scarce think Dr. *Chapman* himself would have the hardiness to support me, if I should venture to relate one in the present age.

BE it sufficient then to say, that on the 25th of *May* N. S. 1735, *Pompey* made his first appearance in the world at *Bologna*; on which day, as far as I can learn, the sun shone just as usual, and nature wore exactly the same aspect as upon any other day in the year.

ABOUT this time an *English* gentleman, who was making the tour of *Europe*, to enrich himself in foreign manners and foreign cloaths, happened to be residing at *Bologna*. And as one great end of modern travelling is the pleasure of intriguing with women of all nations and languages, he was introduced to visit the lady above-mentioned, who was at that time the fashionable and foremost courtesan

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 13

courtesan of the place. Little *Pompey* having now opened his eyes and learnt the use of his legs, was admitted to frolic about the room, as his mistress sat at her toilet or presided at her tea-table. On these occasions her gallants never failed to play with him, and many pretty dialogues often arose concerning him, which perhaps might make a figure in a modern comedy. Every one had something to say to the little favourite, who seemed proud to be taken notice of, and by many significant gestures would often make believe he understood the compliments that were paid him.

BUT nobody distinguish'd himself more on this subject than our English *Hillario*; who had now made a considerable progress in the affections of his mistress: For partly the recommendation of his person, but chiefly the profusion of his expences made her think him a very desirable lover; and as she saw that his ruling passion was vanity, she was too good a dissembler, and too much a mistress of her trade, not to flatter this weakness for her own ends. This so elated the spirits of *Hillario*, that he surveyed himself every day with increase of pleasure

pleasure at his glass, and took a pride on all occasions to shew how much he was distinguished, as he thought, above any of her ancient admirers. Resolving therefore to out-do them all as much in magnificence, as he imagined he did in the success of his love, he was continually making her the most costly presents, and among other things, presented master *Pompey* with a collar studded with diamonds. This so tickled the little animal's vanity, being the first ornament he had ever worn, that he would eat biscuit from *Hillario's* hands with twice the pleasure, with which he received it from any other person's; while *Hillario* made him the occasion of conveying indirect compliments to his mistress. Sometimes he would swear, ' he believed it ' was in her power to impart beauty to ' her very dogs,' and when she smiled at the staleness of the conceit, he, imagining her charmed with his wit, would grow transported with gaiety, and practise all the fashionable airs that custom prescribes to an intrigue.

BUT the time came at length that this gay gentleman was to quit this scene of his pleasures, and go in quest of adventures

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 15

ventures in some other part of *Italy*. Nothing delayed him but the fear of breaking his mistress's heart, which his own great love of himself, joined with the seeming love she expressed for him, made him think a very likely consequence. The point therefore was to reveal his intentions to her in the most tender manner, and reconcile her to this terrible event as well as he could. They had been dining together one day in her apartments, and *Hillario* after dinner, first inspiring himself with a glass of *Tokay*, began to curse his stars for obliging him to leave *Bologna*, where he had been so divinely happy; but he said, he had received news of his father's death, and was obliged to go to settle *curst accounts* with his mother and sisters, who were in a hurry for their *confounded fortunes*; and after many other flourishes, concluded his rhapsody with requesting to take little *Pompey* with him as a memorial of their love. The lady received this news with all the artificial astonishment and counterfeited sorrow that ladies of her profession can assume whenever they please; in short she played the farce of passions so well, that *Hillario* thought her very life depended on his  
pre-



presence: She wept, intreated, threatned, swore, but all to no purpose; at length she was obliged to submit on condition that *Hillario* should give her a gold-watch in exchange for her favourite dog, which he consented to without any hesitation.

THE day was now fixed for his departure, and having ordered his post-chaise to wait at her door, he went in the morning to take his last farewell. He found her at her tea-table ready to receive him, and little *Pompey* sitting innocently on the settee by his mistress's side, not once suspecting what was about to happen to him, and far from thinking himself on the point of so long a journey. For neither dogs nor men can look into futurity, or penetrate the designs of fate. Nay, I have been told that he ate his breakfast that morning with more than usual tranquillity; and tho' his mistress continued to caress him, and lament his departure, he neither understood the meaning of her kisses, nor greatly returned her affection. At length the accomplished *Hillario* taking out his watch, and cursing time for intruding on his pleasures, signified he must be gone that moment,

moment. Ravishing therefore an hundred kisses from his mistress, and taking up little *Pompey* in his arms, he went off humming an *Italian* tune, and with an air of affected concern threw himself carelessly into his chaise. From whence looking up with a melancholy shrug to her window, and shewing the little favourite to his forsaken mistress, he was interrupted by the voice of the postilion, desiring to be informed of the rout he was to take; which little particular this well-bred gentleman had in his hurry forgot, as thinking it perhaps of no great consequence. But now cursing the fellow for not knowing his mind without putting him to the trouble of explaining it, ‘damn you,’ cries he, ‘drive to the devil if you will, for I shall never be happy again as long as I breathe.’ Recollecting himself however upon second thoughts, and thinking it as well to defer that journey to some future opportunity, he gave his orders for —; and then looking up again at the window, and bowing, the post-chaise hurried away, while his charmer stood laughing and mimicking his gestures.

As her affection for him was wholly built on interest, of course it ended the very moment she lost sight of his chaise; and we may conclude his for her had not a much longer continuance; for notwithstanding the protestations he made of keeping her dog for ever in remembrance of her, little *Pompey* had like to have been left behind in the very first day's stage. *Hillario* after dinner had reposed himself to sleep on a couch in the inn; from whence being waked with information that his chaise was ready and waited his pleasure at the door, he started up, discharged his bill, and was proceeding on his journey without once bestowing a thought on the neglected favourite. His servant however, being more considerate, brought him and delivered him at the chaise-door to his master; who cried indolently, 'begad that's well thought on,' called him 'a little devil for giving so much trouble,' and then drove away with the utmost unconcernedness. This I mention to shew how very short-lived are the affections of protesting lovers.

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 19

### C H A P. III.

*Our hero arrives in England. A conversation between two ladies concerning his master.*

**B**UT as it is not my design to follow this gentleman through his tour, we must be contented to pass over great part of the puppyhood of little *Pompey*, till the time of his arrival at *London*: only it may be of importance to remember, that in his passage from *Calais* to *Dover* he was extremely sea-sick, and twice given over by a physician on board; but some medicinal applications, together with a week's confinement in his chamber, after he came to town, restored him to his perfect health.

*HILLARIO* was no sooner landed, than he dispatched his *French* valet to *London*, with orders to provide him handsome lodgings in *Pall-Mall*, or some other great street near the court; and himself set forwards the next day with his whole retinue. Let us therefore imagine him arrived and settled in his new apartments; let us suppose the news-writers to have



have performed their duty, and all the important world of dress busy, as usual, in reporting from one to another, 'that *Hillario* was returned from his travels.'

As soon as his chests and baggage were arrived in town, his servants were all employed in setting forth to view in his anti-chamber, the several valuable curiosities he had collected; that his visitors might be detained as they passed through it, in making observations on the elegance of his taste. For tho' dress and gallantry were his principal ambition, he had condescended, in compliance with the humour of the times, to consult the *Ciceroni* at *Rome*, and other places, as to what was proper to be purchased, in order to establish a reputation for *Vertù*: and they had furnished him accordingly, at a proportionable expence, with all the necessary ingredients of modern taste; that is to say, with fingers and toes of ancient statues, medals bearing the name of *Roman* emperors on their inscriptions, and copied-original pictures of all the great masters and schools of *Italy*. They had likewise taught him a set of phrases and observations proper  
to

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 21

to be made, whenever the conversation should turn upon such subjects; which, by the help of a good memory, he used with tolerable propriety: he could descant in terms of art, on rusts and varnishes; and describe the air, the manner, the characteristic of different painters, in language almost as learned as the ingenious writer of a late essay. ‘ Here, ‘ he would observe, the drawing is incorrect; there the attitude ungraceful — the *costumè* ill-preserved, the contours harsh, the ordonnance irregular — the light too strong—the shade too deep,’—with many other affected remarks, which may be found in a very grave sententious book of morality.

BUT dress, as we before observed, was his darling vanity, and consequently, his rooms were more plentifully scattered with cloaths than any other curiosity. There all the pride of *Paris* was exhibited to view; suits of velvet and embroidery, sword-hilts, red-heel’d shoes, and snuff-boxes, lay about in negligent confusion. Nor did he appear with less eclat without doors; for he had now shewn his gilt chariot and bay horses in all the streets of gay resort, and was allowed

lowed to have the most splendid brilliant equipage in *London*. The club at *White's* soon voted him a member of their fraternity, and there began a kind of rivalry among the ladies of fashion, who should first engage him to their assemblies. At all toilettes and parties in the morning, who but *Hillario*? At all drums and diversions in the evening, who but *Hillario*? No-body came into the side-box at a play-house with so graceful a negligence; and it was on all hands confessed, that he had the most accomplished way of talking nonsense of any man of quality in *London*.

As the fashionable part of the world are glad of any fresh topic of conversation, that will not much fatigue their understandings; and the arrival of a new fop, the sight of a new chariot, or the appearance of a new fashion, are all articles of the highest importance to them; it could not be otherwise, but that the shew and figure, which *Hillario* made, must supply all the polite circles with matter for commendation or censure. As a little specimen of this kind of conversations may, perhaps, not be disagreeable, I will beg the reader's patience a moment,

# POMPEY THE LITTLE 23

moment, to relate what passed on this subject between *Cleantbe* and *Cleora*, two ladies of eminence and distinction in the commonwealth of vanity. The former was a young lady of about fifty, who had out-lived many generations of beauties, yet still preserved the airs and behaviour of fifteen; the latter a celebrated toast now in the meridian of her charms, and giddy with the admiration she excited. These two ladies had been for some time past engaged in a strict *femal friendship*, and were now sitting down to supper at twelve o'clock at night, to talk over the important follies of the day. They had play'd at cards that evening at four different assemblies, left their names each of them at near twenty doors, and taken half a turn round *Ranelagh*, where the youngest had been engaged in a very smart exchange of bows, smiles, and compliments with *Hillario*. This had been observed by *Cleantbe*, who was at the same place, and envied her the many civilities she received from a gentleman so splendidly dress'd, whose embroidery gave a peculiar poignancy to his wit. Wherefore at supper she began to vent her spite against him, telling *Cleora*, she wondered  
how



how she could listen to the impertinence of such a coxcomb: 'Surely,' said she, 'you cannot admire him; for my part, I am amazed at people for calling him handsome — do you really think him, my dear, so agreeable as the town generally makes him?' *Cleora* hesitating a moment, replied, 'she did not well know what beauty was in a man: To be sure,' added she, 'if one examines his features one by one, one sees nothing very extraordinary in him; but all together he has an air, and a manner, and a notion of things, my dear — he is lively, and airy, and engaging, and all that—and then his dresses are quite charming.' 'Yes,' said *Cleanthe*, 'that may be a very good recommendation of his taylor, and if one designs to marry a suit of velvet, why no-body better than *Hillario* — How should you like him for a Husband, *Cleora*? Faith,' said *Cleora* smiling, 'I never once thought seriously upon the subject in my life; but surely, my dear, there is such a thing as fancy and taste in dress; in my opinion, a man shews his parts in nothing more than in the choice of his cloaths and equipage.' 'Why to be sure,' said *Cleanthe*, 'the  
man

POMPEY THE LITTLE. 25

‘ man has something of a notion at dress,  
 ‘ I confess it——yet methinks I could  
 ‘ make an alteration for the better in his  
 ‘ liveries.’ Then began a very curious  
 conversation on shoulder-knots, and they  
 ran over all the liveries in town, com-  
 mending one, and disliking another, with  
 great nicety of judgment. From shoul-  
 der-knots they proceeded to the colour  
 of coach-horses; and *Cleante*, resolving  
 to dislike *Hillario*’s equipage, asked her  
 if she did not prefer greys to bays? *Cle-  
 ora* answered in the negative, and the  
 clock struck one before they had decided  
 this momentous question; which was  
 contested with so much earnestness, that  
 both of them were beginning to grow  
 angry, and to say ill-natured things, had  
 not a new topic arisen to divert the dis-  
 course. His chariot came next under  
 consideration, and then they returned to  
 speculate his dress; and when they had  
 fully exhausted all the external accom-  
 plishments of a husband, they vouch-  
 safed, at last, to come to the qualities of  
 the mind. *Cleora* preferred a man who  
 had travelled; ‘ because,’ said she, ‘ he  
 ‘ has seen the world, and must be ten  
 ‘ thousand times more agreeable and en-  
 ‘ tertaining than a dull home-bred fel-  
 C low,

low, who has never improved himself by seeing things :’ But *Cleanthe* was of a different opinion, alledging that this would only give him a greater conceit of himself, and make him less manageable by a wife. Then they fell to abusing matrimony, numbered over the many unhappy couples of their acquaintance, and both of them for a moment resolved to live single : but those resolutions were soon exploded ; ‘ for though,’ said *Cleanthe*, ‘ I should prefer a friendship with an agreeable man far beyond marrying him, yet you know, my dear, *we girls* are under so many restraints, that one must wish for a husband, if it be only for the privilege of going into public places, without the protection of a married woman along with one, to give one countenance.’ *Cleora* rallied the expression of *we girls*, which again had like to have bred a quarrel between them ; and soon afterwards happening to say, she should like to dance with *Hilario* at the next Ridotta, *Cleanthe*, notwithstanding the indifference she had hitherto expressed towards him, could not help declaring, that she should be pleased also to have him for a partner. This stirred up a warmer altercation than any that

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 27

that had yet arisen, and they contended with such vehemence for this distant imaginary happiness, which perhaps might happen to neither of them, that they grew quite unappeaseable, and in the end, departed to bed with as much malice and enmity, as if the one had made an attempt on the other's life.

### C H A P. IV.

*Another conversation between Hillario and two ladies of quality.*

OUR hero was now perfectly recovered from the indisposition hinted at in the beginning of the preceding chapter, and pretty well reconciled to the air of *England*; but as yet he had made few acquaintances either with gentlemen of his own or a different species; being seldom permitted to expatiate beyond *Hillario's* lodgings; where his chief amusement was to stand with his forepaws up in the window, and contemplate the coaches that passed through the street.

BUT fortune, who had destined him to a great variety of adventures, no sooner



observed that he was settled, and began to grow established in his new apartments, than she determined, according to her usual inconstancy, to beat up his quarters, and provide him a new habitation.

HILLARIO and his little dog were making a visit one morning to a lady of quality at her toilette; where they had not been long, before another lady of the same rank entered the room, and joined the conversation. It turned, as I have been told, on the *Italian* opera, which they all declared to be the most sublime entertainment in life; when on a sudden little *Pompey* leaped up into his master's lap. Lady *Tempest* (that was the name of the lady last arrived) no sooner saw him, than addressing herself to his master with the ease and familiarity of modern breeding, '*Hillario,*' said she, 'where the devil did you get that pretty dog?' 'This dog, madam,' cries *Hillario,* 'Oh *l'amour!* thereby hangs a tale—This dog, madam, once belonged to a woman of the first fashion in *Italy*, the finest creature, I think, that ever my eyes yet beheld—such a shape and such an air.'—Then ran he into the most extravagant encomiums on her

POMPEY THE LITTLE. 29

her beauty, and after dropping many hints of an intrigue, to awaken the ladies curiosity, and make them enquire into the particulars of the story, concluded with desiring them to excuse him from proceeding any farther, for he thought it the highest injury to betray a lady's secrets. 'Nay,' said lady *Tempest*, 'it can do her reputation no hurt to tell tales of her in *England*; and besides, *Hillario*, if you acquitted yourself with spirit and gallantry in the affair, who knows but we shall like you the better after we have heard your story?' 'Well,' said he, 'on that condition, my dear countess, I will confess the truth—I had an affair with this lady, and, I think, none of my amours ever afforded me greater transport: but the eyes of a husband will officiously be prying into things that do not concern them; her jealous-pated booby surprised us one evening in a little familiar dalliance, and, pox take him, sent me a challenge the next morning.' 'Bless us!' said lady *Tempest*, 'and what became of it?' 'Why,' cries *Hillario*, 'I would willingly have washed my hands of the fellow if I could, for I thought it but a silly business to

‘ hazard one’s life with so ridiculous an  
‘ animal ; but, curse the blockhead, he  
‘ could not understand ridicule——You  
‘ must know, madam, I sent him for  
‘ answer, with the greatest ease imagin-  
‘ able——quite composed as I am at this  
‘ moment—that I had so prodigious a  
‘ cold, it would be imprudent to fight  
‘ abroad in the open air ; but if he  
‘ wou’d have a fire in his best apart-  
‘ ment, and a bottle of *Burgundy* ready  
‘ for me on the table after I had gone  
‘ thro’ the fatigue of killing him, I was  
‘ at his service as soon as he pleased—  
‘ meaning, you see, to have turned the  
‘ affair off with a joke, if the fellow had  
‘ been capable of tasting ridicule.’ ‘ But  
‘ that stratagem,’ replied lady *Tempest*,  
‘ I am afraid did not succeed—the man  
‘ I doubt was too dull to apprehend your  
‘ raillery.’ ‘ Dull as a beetle, madam,’  
said *Hillario* ; ‘ the monster continued  
‘ obstinate, and repeated his challenge—  
‘ When therefore I found nothing else  
‘ wou’d do, I resolved to meet him ac-  
‘ cording to his appointment ; and there  
‘ —in short—ha! ha! I shall never for-  
‘ get how he looked—in short, not to  
‘ trouble your ladyships with a long,  
‘ tedious description—I ran him through  
‘ the

OMPEY THE LITTLE. 31

the body. Both the ladies burst out laughing at this story, which they most justly concluded to be a lie; and after entertaining themselves with many pleasant remarks upon it, one of them said with a smile, 'but what is this to the dog, *Hilaria*?' 'The dog, madam,' answered he, 'O pardon me, I am coming to the dog immediately. — Come hither *Pompey*, and listen to your own story. — This dog, madam, this very little dog, had at that time the honour of waiting on the dear woman I have been describing, and as the noise of my duel obliged me to quit *Bologna*, I sent her private notice of my intentions, and begged her by any means to favour me with an interview before my departure. The monster her husband, who then lay on his death-bed, immured her so closely, that you may imagine it was very difficult to gratify my desires; but love, immortal love, gave her courage; she sent me a private key to get admission into her garden, and appointed me an assignation in an orange-grove at nine in the evening. I flew to the dear creature's arms, and spent an hour with her in the greatest rapture, till it grew danger-



ous and impossible to stay any longer. O mon cœur! then we knelt down both of us on the cold ground, and saluted one another for the last time on our knees. D—mn'd malicious fate tore me at length from her arms, and she gave me this dog, this individual little dog, to carry with me as a memorial of her love. The poor, dear, tender woman died, I hear, within three weeks after my departure: but this dog, this divine little dog, will I keep everlastingly for her sake.

WHEN the ladies had heard him to an end, well, said lady *Tempest*, 'you have really told a very pretty story, *Hillario*; but as to your resolutions of keeping the dog, I swear you shall break them; for I had the misfortune t'other day to lose my favourite black spaniel of the mange, and I intend you shall give me this little dog to supply his place.' 'Not for the universe, madam,' replied *Hillario*; 'I should expect to see his dear injured mistress's ghost haunting me in my sleep to night, if I could be guilty of such an act of infidelity to her.' 'Pugh,' said the lady, 'don't tell me

of

POMPEY THE LITTLE. 33

‘ of such ridiculous superstitious trum-  
 ‘ pery—You no more came by the dog  
 ‘ in this manner, *Hillario*, than you  
 ‘ will fly to the moon to-night—but  
 ‘ look’e make no preambles, for I posi-  
 ‘ tively must and will take him home  
 ‘ with me.’ ‘ Madam,’ said *Hillario*,  
 ‘ this little dog is sacred to love! he  
 ‘ was born to be the herald of love, and  
 ‘ there is but one consideration in na-  
 ‘ ture that can possibly induce me to  
 ‘ part with it.’ ‘ And what is that,’  
 said the lady?’ ‘ That, madam,’ cries  
*Hillario*, bowing, ‘ is the honour of vi-  
 ‘ siting him at all hours in his new a-  
 ‘ partments—he must be the herald of  
 ‘ love wherever he goes, and on these  
 ‘ conditions—if you will now and then  
 ‘ admit me of your retirements, little  
 ‘ *Pompey* waits your acceptance as soon  
 ‘ as you please.’ ‘ Well,’ said the lady,  
 smiling, ‘ you know I am not inexora-  
 ‘ ble, *Hillario*, and if you have a mind  
 ‘ to visit your little friend at my ruelle,  
 ‘ you’ll find him ready to receive you—  
 ‘ though, faith, upon second thoughts,  
 ‘ I know not whether I dare admit you  
 ‘ or not. You are such a killer of huf-  
 ‘ bands, *Hillario*, that ’tis quite terrible  
 ‘ to think on; and if mine was not con-

‘veniently removed out of the way, I  
‘should have the poor man sacrificed for  
‘his jealousy.’ ‘Raillery! raillery!’  
returned *Hillario*; ‘but as you say, my  
‘dear countess, your monster is commo-  
‘diouſly out of the way, and therefore  
‘we need be under no apprehensions  
‘from that quarter, for I hardly believe  
‘he will riſe out of his grave to inter-  
‘rupt our amours.’—‘Amours!’ cried  
the lady, liſting up her voice, ‘pray  
‘what have I ſaid that encourages you  
‘to talk of amours?’

FROM this time the converſation began  
to grow much too looſe to be reported in  
this work: they congratulated each other  
on the felicity of living in an age, that  
allows ſuch indulgence to women, and  
gives them leave to break looſe from  
their huſbands, whenever they grow mo-  
roſe and diſagreeable, or attempt to in-  
terrupt their pleaſures. From hence they  
relapſed again into a diſcourſe on the  
*Italian* opera, and thence made a quick  
transition to ladies painting. This was  
no ſooner ſtarted than *Hillario* begged  
leave to preſent the lady of the houſe  
with a box of Rouge, which he had  
brought with him from *France*, aſſuring  
her

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 35

her that the ladies were arrived at such an excellency of using it at *Paris*, as to confound all distinction of age and beauty. ‘I protest to your ladyship,’ continued he, ‘it is impossible at any distance to distinguish a woman of sixty from a girl of sixteen; and I have seen an old dowager in the opposite box at their playhouse, make as good a figure, and look as blooming as the youngest beauty in the place. Nothing in nature is there required to make a woman handsome but eyes.—If a woman has but eyes, she may be a beauty whenever she pleases, at the expence of a couple of guineas.—Teeth and hair and eye-brows and complexions are all as cheap as fans, and gloves, and ribbons.’

WHILE this ingenious orator was pursuing his eloquent harrangue on beauty, lady *Tempest*, looking at her watch, declared it was time to be going; for she had seven or eight visits more to make that morning, and it was then almost three in the afternoon. Little *Pompey*, who had absented himself during great part of the preceding conversation, as thinking it perhaps above the reach of his



his understanding, was now ordered to be produced; and the moment he made his appearance, lady *Tempest* catching him up in her arms, was conducted by *Hillario* into her chair, which stood at the door waiting her commands. Thus our hero, with three footmen fore-running his equipage, set out in triumph for his new apartments.

## C H A P. V.

*The character of lady Tempest, with some particulars of her servants and family.*

**T**H E sudden appearance of this lady, with whom our hero is now about to take up his residence, may perhaps excite the reader's curiosity to know who she is; and therefore, before we proceed any farther in our history, we shall spend a page or two in bringing him acquainted with her character. But let me admonish thee, my gentle friend, whosoever thou art, that shalt vouchsafe to peruse this little treatise, not to be too forward in making applications, or to construe satire into libel. For we declare here once for all, that no character

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 37

ten drawn in this work is intended for any particular person, but meant to comprehend a great variety; and therefore, if thy sagacity discovers likenesses that were never intended, and meanings that were never meant, be so good to impute it to thy own ill-nature, and accuse not the humble author of these sheets. Taking this caution along with thee, candid reader, we may venture to trust thee with a character, which otherwise we should be afraid to draw.

LADY *Tempest* then was originally daughter to a private gentleman of a moderate fortune, which she was to share in common with a brother and two other sisters: but her wit and beauty soon distinguished her among her acquaintance, and recompensed the deficiencies of fortune. She was a free-hearted, sprightly, jovial girl, very chearful in her conversation, and open in her behaviour; ready to promote any party of pleasure, and not displeased now and then to be assistant in a little mischief. This made her company courted by men of all sorts; among whom her affability and spirit, as well as her beauty, procured her many admirers. At length she was solicited  
in

in marriage by a young lord, famous for nothing but his great estate, and far her inferior in understanding: but the advantageousness of the match soon prevailed with her parents to give their consent, and the thoughts of a title so dazzled her own eyes, that she had no leisure to ask herself whether she liked the man or no that wore it. His lordship married for the sake of begetting an heir to his estate; and married her in particular, because he had heard her toasted as a beauty by most of his acquaintance. She, on the contrary, married because she wanted a husband; and married him, because he could give her a title and a coach and six.

BUT, alas! there is this little misfortune attending matrimony, that people cannot live together any time, without discovering each other's tempers. Familiarity soon draws aside the masque, and all that artificial complaisance and smiling good-humour, which make so agreeable a part of courtship, go off like *April* blossoms, upon a longer acquaintance. The year was scarce ended before her young ladyship was surprized to find she had married a *fool*; which little  
cir-

POMPEY THE LITTLE. 39

circumstance her vanity had concealed from her before marriage, and the hurry and transport she felt in a new equigage did not suffer her to attend to for the first half year afterwards. But now she began to doubt whether she had not made an unhappy bargain for life, and consulting with some of her female intimates about it (several of whom were married) she received such documents from them, as I am afraid, did not a little contribute to prepare her for the steps she afterwards took.

HER husband too, tho' not very quick of discernment, had by this time found out, that his wife's spirit and romantic disposition were inconsistent with his own gloom; which gave new clouds to his temper, and he often cursed himself in secret for marrying her.

THEY soon grew to reveal these thoughts to one another, both in words and actions; they sat down to meals with indifference; they went to bed with indifference; and the one was always sure to dislike what the other at any time seemed to approve. Her ladyship had recourse to the common expedient in these



these cases, I mean the getting a female companion into the house with her, as well to relieve her from the tediousness of sitting down to meals alone with her husband, as chiefly to hear her complaints, and spirit her up against her fool and tyrant; the names by which she usually spoke of her lord and master. When no such female companions, or more properly *toad-eaters*, happened to be present, she chose rather to divert herself with a little favourite dog, than to murder any of her precious time in conversing with her husband. This his lordship observed, and besides many severe reflexions and cross speeches, at length he wreak'd his vengeance on the little favourite, and in a passion put him to death. This was an affair so hainous in the lady's own esteem, and pronounced to be *so barbarous, so shocking, so inhuman* by all her acquaintance, that she resolved no longer to keep any terms with him, and from this moment grew desperate in all her actions.

FIRST then, she resolved to supply the place of one favourite with a great number, and immediately procured as many dogs into the family as it could well

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 41

well hold. His lordship, in return, would order his servant to hang two or three of them every week, and never failed kicking them down stairs by dozens, whenever they came in his way. When this and many other stratagems had been tried, some with good and some with bad success, she came at last to play the great game of female resentment, and by many intimations gave him to mistrust, that a stranger had invaded his bed. Whether this was real, or only an artifice of spite, his lordship could never discover, and therefore we shall not indulge the reader's curiosity, by letting him into the secret; but the bare apprehension of it so inflamed his choler, that her company now became intolerable to him, and indeed their meetings were dreadful to themselves, and terrible to all beholders. Their servants used to stand at the door to listen to their quarrels, and then charitably disperse the subjects of them throughout the town; so that all companies now rang of lord and lady *Tempest*. But this could not continue long; for indifference may sometimes be borne in a married state, but indignation and hatred I believe never can; and 'tis impossible to say what their quarrels

quarrels might have produced, had not his lordship very seasonably died, and left his *disconsolate widow* to bear about the mockery of woe to all public places for a year.

SHE now began the world anew on her own foundation, and set sail down the stream of pleasure, without the fears of virginity to check her, or the influence of a husband to controul her. Now she recovered that sprightliness of conversation and gaiety of behaviour, which had been clouded during the latter part of her cohabitation with her husband; and was soon cried up for the greatest female wit in *London*. Men of gallantry, and all the world of pleasure, had easy access to her, and malicious fame reports, that she was not over-hard-hearted to the solicitations of love; but far be it from us to report any such improbable scandal. What gives her a place in this history is her fondness for dogs, which from her childhood she loved exceedingly, and was seldom without a little favourite to carry about in her arms; but from the moment that her angry husband sacrificed one of them to his resentment, she grew more passionately fond of

## POMPEY THE LITTLE 43

of them than ever, and now constantly kept six or eight of various kinds in her house. About this time, one of her greatest favourites had the misfortune to die of the mange, as was above commemorated, and when she saw little *Pompey*, she resolved immediately to bestow the vacancy upon him, which that well-bred gentleman consented to on certain conditions, as the reader has seen in the foregoing chapter.

SHE returned home from her visit just as the clock was striking four, and after surveying herself a moment in the glass, and a little adjusting her hair, went directly to introduce master *Pompey* to his companions. These were an *Italian* grey-hound, a *Dutch* pug, two black spaniels of king *Charles's* breed, a harlequin grey-hound, a spotted *Dane*, and a mouse-coloured *English* bull-dog. They heard their mistress's rap at the door, and were assembled in the dining-room, ready to receive her: but on the appearance of master *Pompey*, they set up a general bark, perhaps out of envy; and some of them treated the little stranger with rather more rudeness than was consistent with dogs of their education.

How



However, the lady soon interposed her authority, and commanded silence among them, by ringing a little bell, which she kept by her for that purpose. They all obeyed the signal instantly, and were still in a moment; upon which she carried little *Pompey* round, and obliged them all to salute their new acquaintance, at the same time commanding some of them to ask pardon for their unpolite behaviour; which whether they understood or not, must be left to the reader's determination. She then summoned a servant, and ordered a chicken to be roasted for him; but hearing that dinner was just ready to be served up, she was pleased to say, he must be contented with what was provided for herself that day, but gave orders to the cook to get ready a chicken to his own share against night.

HER ladyship now sat down to table, and *Pompey* was placed at her elbow, where he received many dainty bits from her fair hands, and was caressed by her all dinner-time, with more than usual fondness. The servants winked at one another while they were waiting, and conveyed many sneers across the table with their looks; all which had the good  
luck

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 45

luck to escape her ladyship's observation. But the moment they were retired from waiting, they gave vent to their thoughts with all the scurrilous wit and ill-manner'd raillery, which distinguishes the conversation of those parti-coloured gentlemen.

AND first, the butler out of livery served up his remarks to the house-keeper's table; which consisted of himself, an elderly fat woman the house-keeper, and my lady's maid, a saucy, forward, affected girl, of about twenty. Addressing himself to these second-hand gentlewomen, as soon as they were pleased to sit down to dinner, he informed them, 'that their family was increased, and 'that his lady had brought home a new 'companion.' Their curiosity soon led them to desire an Explanation, and then telling them that this new companion was a new dog, he related minutely and circumstantially all her ladyship's behaviour to him during the time of his attendance at the side-board, not forgetting to mention the orders of a roasted chicken for the gentleman's supper. The house-keeper launched out largely on the sin and wickedness of feeding  
' such

“such creatures with christian victuals,”  
declared it was flying in the face of  
heaven, and wondered how her lady  
could admit them into her apartment,  
for she said ‘ they had already spoiled all  
‘ the crimson-damask-chairs in the dining-  
‘ room.’

BUT my lady’s maid had a great deal  
more to say on this subject, and as it  
was her particular office to wait on these  
four-footed worthies, she complained of  
the hardship done her, with great volu-  
bility of tongue. ‘ Then,’ says she,  
‘ there’s a new plague come home, is  
‘ there? he has got the mange too, I  
‘ suppose, and I shall have him to wash  
‘ and comb to-morrow morning. I am  
‘ sure I am all over fleas with tending  
‘ such nasty poisonous vermin, and ’tis  
‘ a shame to put a christian to such offi-  
‘ ces——I was in hopes when that little  
‘ mangy devil died t’other day, we  
‘ should have had no more of them; but  
‘ deuce fetch me if I won’t run the  
‘ comb into the little devil’s back the  
‘ first time he comes under my hands.  
‘ I can’t endure to see my lady let them  
‘ kiss her, and lick her face all over  
as she does. I am sure I’d see all the  
‘ dogs

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 47

‘ dogs in *England* at *Jericho*, before I’d  
 ‘ suffer such poulcat vermin to lick my  
 ‘ face. Fogh! ’tis enough to make one  
 ‘ sick to see it; and I am sure, if I was  
 ‘ a man, I’d scorn to kiss a face that had  
 ‘ been licked by a dog.’

THIS was part of a speech made by  
 this delicate mincing comb-brusher; and  
 the rest we shall omit, to wait upon the  
 inferior servants, who were now assembled  
 at dinner in their common hall of glut-  
 tony, and exercising their talents like-  
 wise on the same subject. *John* the foot-  
 man here reported what *Mr. William* the  
 butler had done before in his department,  
 that their lady had brought home a new  
 dog. ‘ Damn it,’ cries the coachman,  
 with a surly brutal voice, ‘ what signifies  
 ‘ a new dog? has she brought home ever  
 ‘ a new man?’ which was seconded  
 with a loud laugh from all the company.  
 Another swore, he never knew a kennel  
 of dogs kept in a bed-chamber before;  
 which likewise was applauded with a loud  
 and boisterous laugh: but as such kind  
 of wit is too low for the dignity of this  
 history, tho’ much affected by many of  
 my cotemporaries, I fancy I shall easily  
 have



48. *The HISTORY of*  
have the reader's excuse, if I forbear to  
relate any more of it.

To say the truth, the lower sort of  
men-servants are the most insolent, brutal,  
ungenerous rascals on the face of  
the earth: they are bred up in idleness,  
drunkenness and debauchery, and instead  
of concealing any faults they observe at  
home, find a pleasure in vilifying and  
mangling the reputations of their masters  
in all ale-houses, nine-pin-alleys, gin-  
shops, cellars, and every other place of  
dirty rendezvous.

#### CHAP. VI.

*Our hero becomes a dog of the town, and  
shines in high-life.*

**POMPEY** was now grown up to  
maturity and dog's estate, when he  
came to live with lady *Tempest*; who soon  
ushered him into all the joys and vanities  
of the town.

As he attended his mistress to all  
routs, drums, hurricanes, hurly-burlys  
and earthquakes, he soon established an  
acquaintance and friendship with the most  
noted

noted dogs of quality, and of course affected a most hearty contempt for all of inferior station, whom he would never vouchsafe to play with, or pay them the least regard. He seemed to know at first sight, whether a dog had received a good education, by his manner of coming into a room, and was extremely ambitious to shew *his collar at court*; in which again he resembled certain other dogs, who are equally vain of their finery, and happy to be distinguished in their *respective orders*.

If he could have spoken, I am persuaded he would have used the phrases so much in fashion, ‘nobody one knows, wretches dropt out of the moon, creatures sprung from a dunghil;’ by which are signified all those who are not born to a title, or have not impudence and dishonesty enough to run in debt with their taylors for laced cloaths.

AGAIN, had he been to write a letter from *Bath* or *Tunbridge*, he wou’d have told his correspondent ‘there was not a soul in the place,’ tho’ at the same time he knew there were above two thousand; because perhaps none of the men wore

D

stars

stars and garters, and none of the women were bold enough to impoverish their families by playing at the noble and illustrious game of brag.

As he was now become a dog of the town, and perfectly well-bred, of course he gave himself up to intrigue, and had seldom less than two or three amours at a time with *bitches of the highest fashion*: In which circumstances he again lamented the want of speech, being by that means debarred from the pleasure of boasting of the favours he received. But his gallantries were soon divulged by the consequences of them; and as several very pretty puppies had been the offspring of his loves, it was usual for all the acquaintance of lady *Tempest* to solicit and cultivate his breed. And here I shall beg leave to insert two little *billets* of a very extraordinary nature, as a specimen of what it is that engages the attention of ladies of quality in this refined and accomplished age. Lady *Tempest* was sitting at her toilette one morning, when her maid brought her the following little scroll, from another lady, whose name will be seen at the bottom of her letter.

Dear

POMPEY THE LITTLE. 51

‘ Dear *Tempest*,

‘ My favourite little *Veny* is at present troubled with certain amorous infirmities of nature, and would not be displeased with the addresses of a lover. Be so good therefore to send little *Pompey* by my servant who brings this note, for I fancy it will make a very pretty breed, and when the lovers have transacted their affairs, he shall be sent home incontinently. Believe me, dear *Tempest*,

‘ Yours affectionately,  
RACKET.’

LADY *Tempest*, as soon as she had read this curious epistle, called for pen and ink, and immediately wrote the following answer, which likewise we beg leave to insert.

‘ Dear *Racket*,

‘ INFIRMITIES of nature we all are subject to, and therefore I have sent master *Pompey* to wait upon miss *Veny*, begging the favour of you to return him as soon as his gallantries are over.

D 2

‘ Con-



‘ Consider, my dear, no modern love  
‘ can, in the nature of things, last above  
‘ three days, and therefore I hope to see  
‘ my little friend again very soon.

‘ Your affectionate friend,

TEMPEST.

IN consequence of these letters, our hero was conducted to Mrs. *Racket*’s house, where he was received with the civility due to his station in life, and treated on the footing of a gentleman who came a courting in the family. Mrs. *Racket* had two daughters, who had greatly improved their natural relish for pleasure in the warm climate of a town education, and were extremely solicitous to inform themselves of all the mysteries of love. These young ladies no sooner heard of *Pompey*’s arrival, than they went down stairs into the parlour, and undertook themselves to introduce him to miss *Veny*: for love so much engrossed their thoughts, that they could not suffer a lap-dog in the house to have an amour without their privity. Here, while they were solacing themselves with innocent speculation, a young gentleman, who visited on a familiar footing in the family,

family, was introduced somewhat abruptly to them. They no sooner found themselves surprized, than they ran tittering to a corner of the parlour, and hid their faces behind their fans; while their visiter, not happening to observe the *Hymeneal* rites that were celebrating, begged to know the cause of their mirth. This redoubled their diversion, and they burst out afresh into such immoderate fits of laughter, that the poor man began to look exceedingly foolish, imagining himself to be the object of their ridicule. In vain he renewed his entreaties to be let into the secret of their laughter; the ladies had not the power of utterance, and he would still have continued ignorant, had he not accidentally cast his eye aside, and there beheld master *Pompey* with the most prevailing sollicitation making love to his four-footed mistress. This at once satisfied his curiosity, and he was no longer at a loss to know the reason of that uncommon joy and rapture which the ladies had expressed.

Thus was our hero permitted to riot in all the luxuries of life, and treated every where, both at home and abroad,

with the greatest indulgence. He fed every day upon chicken, partridges, ragouts, fricassees; and all the rarities in season; which so pampered him up with luxurious notions, as made some future scenes of life the more grievous to him, when fortune obliged him to undergo the hardships that will hereafter be recorded.

## C H A P. VII.

*Relating a curious dispute on the immortality of the soul, in which the name of our hero will but once be mentioned.*

**N**OTHING is more common on the stage, than to suspend the curiosity of an audience in the most interesting scenes of a play, and *relieve* them (as it is called) with a dance of ghosts, or devils, or furies, or other out-landish beings. In imitation of this laudable custom, before the reader proceeds any farther in *Pompey's* history, he is desired to relieve himself with a curious dispute on the immortality of the soul, which passed one day in our hero's presence,

LADY

LADY *Tempest*, about this time, being indisposed with some trifling disorder, kept her chamber, and was attended by two physicians. These gentlemen were now making their morning visit, and had just gone through the examinations, which custom immemorial prescribes—as, ‘how did your ladyship sleep last night?—do you find any drowth, madam?—pray let me look at your ladyship’s tongue,’ and many other questions which I have not leisure now to record; when on a sudden, a violent rap at the door, and shortly afterwards the appearance of a visiter interrupted their proceedings. The lady, who now arrived, came directly up to lady *Tempest*, and made her compliments; then being desired to sit down, she fell into some common chit-chat on the news of the town; in the midst of which, without any thing preparatory to such a subject, addressing herself on a sudden to one of the physicians, with a face of infinite significance and erudition, she asked him, ‘if he believed in the immortality of the soul?’—but before we answer this extraordinary question, or relate the conversation that ensued upon it, it will be



for the reader's ease to receive a short sketch of her character.

IN many respects this lady was in similar circumstances with lady *Tempest*; only with this difference, that the one had been separated from her husband by his death, the other divorced from hers by act of parliament; the one was famous for wit, and the other affected the character of wisdom. Lady *Sophister*, (for that was her name) as soon as she was released from the matrimonial fetters, set out to visit foreign parts; and had displayed her charms in most of the courts in *Europe*. There, in many parts of her tour, she had cultivated an acquaintance with *Literati*, and particularly in *France*, where the ladies affect a reputation of science, and are able to discourse on the profoundest questions of theology and philosophy. The labyrinths of a female brain are so various and intricate, that it is difficult to say what first suggested the opinion to her, whether caprice or vanity of being singular; but all on a sudden her ladyship took a fancy into her head to disbelieve the immortality of the soul, and never came into the company of learned men without displaying

playing her talents on this wonderful subject. This extraordinary principle, to shew that she did not take up her notions lightly and wantonly, she was able to demonstrate; and could appeal to the greatest authorities in defence of it. She had read *Hobbes*, *Malbranche*, *Locke*, *Shaftsbury*, *Woolaston*, and many more; all of whom she obliged to give testimony to her paradox, and perverted passages out of their works with a facility *very easy to be imagined*. But Mr. *Locke* had the misfortune to be her principal favourite, and consequently it rested chiefly upon him to furnish her with quotations, whenever her ladyship pleased to engage in controversy. Such was the character of lady *Sophister*, who now arrived, and asked the surprizing question above-mentioned, concerning the immortality of the soul.

Doctor *Killdarby*, to whom she addressed herself, astonished at the novelty of the question, sat staring with horror and amazement on his companion; which lady *Tempest* observing, and guessing that her female friend was going to be very absurd, resolved to promote the conversation for her own amusement. Turning

herself therefore to the doctor, she said with a smile, 'don't you understand the meaning of her ladyship's question, Sir? She asks you, if you believe in the immortality of the soul?'

'Believe in the immortality of the soul, madam!' said the doctor staring, 'bless me, your ladyships astonish me beyond measure—Believe in the immortality of the soul! Yes undoubtedly, and I hope all mankind does the same.'

'Be not too sure of that, Sir,' said lady *Sophister*; 'pray have you ever read Mr. *Locke's* controversy with the bishop of *Worcester*?'

'Mr. *Locke's* controversy, madam!' replied the doctor—'I protest I am not sure; Mr. *Locke's* controversy with the bishop of *Worcester*! Let me see, I vow I can't recollect—My reading has been very multifarious and extensive—Yes, madam, I think I have read it, tho' I protest I can't be sure whether I have read it or no.'

Have

‘ HAVE you ever read it, doctor *Rhubarb*?’ said she, addressing herself to the other physician.

‘ O yes, madam, very often,’ replied he; ‘ ’tis that fine piece of his where  
‘ —Yes, yes, I have read it very often;  
‘ I remember it perfectly well——but  
‘ pray, madam, is there any passage (I  
‘ beg your ladyship’s pardon if I am  
‘ mistaken) but is there any passage, I  
‘ say, in that piece, which tends to con-  
‘ firm your ladyship’s notion concerning  
‘ the immortality of the soul?’

‘ WHY pray, Sir,’ said the lady, with a smile of triumph, ‘ what do you esteem  
‘ the soul to be? Is it air, or fire, or  
‘ æther, or a kind of quintessence, as  
‘ *Aristotle* observed, and composition of  
‘ all the elements?’

DOCTOR *Rhubarb* quite dumb-founded, with so much learning, desired first to hear her ladyship’s opinion of the matter.  
‘ My opinion,’ resumed she, ‘ is exactly  
‘ the same with Mr. *Locke*’s. You know  
‘ Mr. *Locke* observes, there are various  
‘ kinds of matter——well——but first we  
‘ should



‘ should define matter, which you know  
‘ the logicians tell us, is an extended  
‘ solid substance—Well, out of this mat-  
‘ ter, some you know is made into roses  
‘ and peach-trees; then the next step  
‘ which matter takes, is animal life;  
‘ from whence you know we have lions  
‘ and elephants, and all the race of  
‘ brutes. Then the last step, as Mr.  
‘ *Locke* observes, is thought and reason  
‘ and volition, from whence are created  
‘ men, and therefore you very plainly  
‘ see, ’tis impossible for the soul to be  
‘ immortal.’

‘ PARDON me, Madam,’ said *Rhubarb*;  
‘ Roses and peach-trees, and elephants  
‘ and lions! I protest I remember no-  
‘ thing of this nature in Mr. *Locke*.’  
‘ Nay Sir, cried she, can you deny me  
‘ this? If the Soul is fire, it must be  
‘ extinguished; if it is air, it must be  
‘ dispersed; if it be only a modification  
‘ of matter, why then of course it ceases,  
‘ you know, when matter is no longer  
‘ modified—if it be any thing else, it is  
‘ exactly the same thing, and therefore  
‘ you must confess—indeed Doctor, you  
‘ must confess, that ’tis impossible for  
‘ the Soul to be immortal.’

DOCTOR

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 61

DOCTOR *Killdarby*, who had sat silent for some time to collect his thoughts, finding what a learned antagonist he had to cope with, began now to harangue in the following manner. ‘Madam,’ said he, ‘as to the nature of the soul, to be sure there have been such opinions as your ladyship mentions about it ——— many various and unaccountable opinions. Some called it *divinum caeleste*; others *quinta essentia*, as your ladyship observes; and others *inflammata anima*; that is, madam, inflamed air. *Aristoxenus*, an old musician, as I remember, imagined the soul to be a musical tune; and a mathematician that I have heard of, supposed it to be like an æquilateral triangle. *Descartes*, I think, makes its residence to be the pineal gland of the brain, where all the nerves terminate; and *Borri*, I remember, the *Milanese* physician, in a letter to *Bartholine*, *de ortu cerebri & usu medico*, asserts, that in the brain is found a certain very subtil fragrant juice (which I conceive may be the same as the nervous juice or animal spirits) and this he takes to be the residence or seat of the soul; the subtilty or fineness of which

‘ which he supposes to depend, madam,  
 ‘ on the temperature of this liquor ——  
 ‘ but really all these opinions may very  
 ‘ probably be false; we do but grope in  
 ‘ the dark, madam, we do but grope  
 ‘ in the dark, and it would be better to  
 ‘ let the subject entirely alone. The  
 ‘ concurrent opinions of all mankind  
 ‘ have ever agreed in believing the im-  
 ‘ mortality of the soul; and this, I con-  
 ‘ fess, is to me an unanswerable argu-  
 ‘ ment of its truth. You see, madam,  
 ‘ I purposely wave the topic of reve-  
 ‘ lation.’

‘ OH, Sir, as to that matter,’ cries  
 the lady, interrupting him, ‘ as to reve-  
 ‘ lation, Sir,’ —— and here she ran into  
 much common-place raillery at the ex-  
 pence only of christianity and the gospel;  
 till lady *Tempest* cut her short, and de-  
 fired her to be silent on that head; for  
 this good lady believed all the doctrines  
 of religion, and was contented, like  
 many others, with the trifling privilege  
 only of disobeying all its precepts.

LADY *Sophister* however resolved not  
 to quit the field of battle, but rallied  
 her forces, and once more fell on her  
 adver-

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 63

adversaries with an air of triumph. ‘ You  
 ‘ say, I think, Sir,’ resumed she, ‘ that  
 ‘ a multitude of opinions will establish  
 ‘ a truth. Now you know all the *In-*  
 ‘ *dians* believe that their dogs will go to  
 ‘ heaven along with them ; and if a great  
 ‘ many opinions can prove any thing to  
 ‘ be true, what say you to that, Sir ?  
 ‘ *India* you know, doctor, is a prodig-  
 ‘ ious large wide tract of continent,  
 ‘ where the *Gymnosophists* lived, and all  
 ‘ that — Pray, lady *Tempest*, let us look  
 ‘ at your globes.’

‘ My globes, madam,’ said lady *Tem-*  
*pest*, ‘ what globes of mine does your  
 ‘ ladyship desire to see ?’

‘ What globes,’ replied the disputant ;  
 ‘ why your celestial and terrestrial globes  
 ‘ to be sure ; I want too look out *India*  
 ‘ in the map, and shew the doctor what  
 ‘ a prodigious wide tract of continent it  
 ‘ is in comparison of our *Europe*—how-  
 ‘ ever, come, I believe we can do with-  
 ‘ out them—as I was saying therefore,  
 ‘ Sir, the *Indians* you know believe their  
 ‘ dogs will bear them company to heaven ;  
 ‘ and if a great many opinions can esta-  
 ‘ blish the truth of an hypothesis —

‘ you



‘ you understand me, I hope, because I  
 ‘ would fain speak to be understood—I  
 ‘ say, if a great many opinions can prove  
 ‘ any thing to be true, what say you to  
 ‘ that, Sir? For instance now, there’s  
 ‘ lady *Tempest*’s little lap-dog’ — ‘ My  
 ‘ dear little creature,’ said lady *Tempest*,  
 catching him up in her arms, ‘ will you  
 ‘ go to heaven along with me? I shall  
 ‘ be vastly glad of your company, *Pom-*  
 ‘ *pey*, if you will.’ From this hint both  
 their ladyships had many bright fallies,  
 till lady *Sophister*, flushed with the hopes  
 of this argument, recalled her adversary  
 to the question, and desired to hear his  
 reply. ‘ Come, Sir,’ said she, ‘ you  
 ‘ have not yet responded to my argu-  
 ‘ ment, you have not answered my last  
 ‘ syllogism——I think I have gravelled  
 ‘ you now; I think I have done for  
 ‘ you; I think I have demolished you,  
 ‘ doctor.’

‘ Not at all, madam,’ said *Killdarby*;  
 ‘ really as to that matter, that is neither  
 ‘ here nor there——Opinions, madam,  
 ‘ vague irregular opinions will spring up  
 ‘ and float in people’s brains, but we  
 ‘ were talking of the dictates of sense  
 ‘ and reason. Savages, madam, will be  
 ‘ savage,

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 65

‘ savage, but *Indians* have nothing to do  
 ‘ with *Europeans*. The reply to what  
 ‘ your ladyship has advanced, would be  
 ‘ easy and obvious; but really I must beg  
 ‘ to be excused—my prefeſſion does not  
 ‘ oblige me to a knowledge of ſuch ſub-  
 ‘ jects—I came here to preſcribe as a phy-  
 ‘ ſician, and not to diſcuſs topics of  
 ‘ theology. Come, brother, I believe  
 ‘ we only interrupt their ladyſhips, and  
 ‘ I am obliged to call upon my lord —  
 ‘ and Sir *William*—and lady *Betty*, and  
 ‘ many other people of quality this  
 ‘ morning.’ Dr. *Rhubarb* declared that  
 he likewise had as many viſits to make  
 that morning; whereupon, taking their  
 leaves (and their fees) the two gentlemen  
 retired with great precipitation, leaving her  
 ladyſhip in poſſeſſion of the field of battle;  
 who immediately reported all over the  
 town, that ſhe had out-reasoned two phy-  
 ſicians, and obliged them by dint of ar-  
 gument to confeſs that the ſoul is not  
 immortal.

AND now begging the reader’s pardon  
 for this digreſſion, let us return to our  
 hero, who I am afraid is going to ſuffer a  
 great revolution in his life.

C H A P.

## C H A P. VIII.

*Various and sundry matters.*

LADY *Tempest* had been walking one morning in *St. James's park*, with her little favourite, as usual attending her; for she never went abroad without taking him in her arms. Here she set him down on his legs, to play with some other dogs of quality, that were taking the air that morning in the mall; giving him strict orders however not to presume to stray out of her sight. Yet in spite of this injunction, something or other tempted his curiosity beyond the limits of the mall; and there, while he was rolling and indulging himself on the green grass (a pleasure by novelty rendered more agreeable to him) it was his misfortune to spring a bird; which he pursued with such eagerness and alacrity, that he was quite out of sight before he thought proper to give over the chase. His mistress in the meanwhile was engaged in so warm and interesting a dispute on the price of silk, that she never missed her favourite; nay, what is still more extraordinary, she got into

## POMPEY THE LITTLE 67

into her coach and drove home, without once bestowing a thought upon him. But the moment she arrived in her dining-room, and cast her eyes on the rest of her four-footed friends, her guilt immediately flew in her face, and she cried out with a scream, ‘ as I am alive, I have left little *Pompey* behind me.’

THEN summoning up two of her servants, she commanded them to go directly and search every corner of the park with the greatest diligence, protesting she should never have any peace of mind, till her favourite was restored to her arms. Many times she rang her bell, to know if her servants were returned, before it was possible for them to have got thither: but at length the fatal message arrived, that *Pompey* was no where to be found. And indeed it would have been next to a miracle, if he had; for these faithful ambassadors had never once stirred from the kitchen fire, where, together with the rest of the servants, they had been laughing at the folly of their mistress. And the reason why they denied their return sooner, was, because they imagined a sufficient time had not then elapsed, to give a probability to that



that lie, which they were determined to tell. Yet this did not satisfy their lady; she sent them a second time to repeat their search, and a second time they returned with the same answer. At this again the reader is desired not to wonder; for tho' her ladyship saw them out of the house herself, and ordered them to bring back her favourite under pain of dismissal, the farthest of their travels was only to an ale-house at the corner of the street; where they had been entertaining a large circle of their parti-coloured brethren with much ribaldry, at the expence of their mistress.

TENDERNESS to this lady's character makes me pass over much of the sorrow she vented on this occasion; but I cannot help relating, that she immediately dispatched cards to all her acquaintance, to put off a drum, which was to have been held at her house that evening; giving as a reason, that she had lost her darling lap-dog, and could not see company. She continued to advertize him in all the news-papers for a month together, with increase of the reward as the case grew more desperate: yet neither all the enquiries she made, nor all the

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 69

the rewards she offered, ever restored little *Pompey* to her arms. We must leave her therefore to receive the consolations of her friends on this afflicting loss, and return to examine after our hero.

He had been pursuing a bird, as was before described; and when his diversion was over, galloped back to the mall, not in the least doubting to find his lady there at his return. But alas! how great was his disappointment: he ran up and down, smelling to every petticoat he met, and staring up in every female face; yet neither his eyes or nose gave him the information he desired. Seven times he coursed from *Buckinghamhouse* to the horse-guards, and back again; but all in vain: at length tired, disconsolate, and full of despair, he sat himself down under a tree, and there turning his head aside in a thoughtful attitude, abandoned himself to much mournful meditation. In this evil plight, while he was ruminating on his fate, and like many other people in the park, unable to divine where he should get a dinner; he was spied by a little girl about seven years old, who was walking  
by

by her mother's side in the mall. She no sooner perceived him, than she cried out, 'la mamma! there's a pretty dog,' and then applied herself with much tenderness to solicit him to her. The wretched are always glad to find a friend; and our little unfortunate no sooner saw one courting him to her, than immediately breaking off his meditations, he ran hastily up, and saluting her eagerly with his fore-paws, gave so many dumb expressions of joy, that speech itself could hardly have been more eloquent. The young lady, on her side, charmed with his ready compliance, snatched him up in her arms, and kissed him with great delight: then turning again to her mother, and asking her if she did not think him a lovely creature, 'I wonder,' says she, 'whose dog it is, mamma! I have a good mind to take him home with me—shall I, mamma? Shall I take him home with me, mamma?' To this also her mother consented, and when they had taken two or three more turns, they retired to their coach, and *Pompey* was conducted to his new lodgings.

As

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 71

As soon as they alighted at home, little miss ran hastily up stairs, to shew her brother and sisters the prize she had found; and he was handed about from one to the other, with great delight and admiration of his beauty. Then he was introduced to all their favourites, which were a dormouse, two kittens, a squirrel, a parrot, and magpye. To these he was presented with many childish ceremonies, and a thousand little follies, which make up the happiness of this happiest age. The parrot was to make a speech to him, the squirrel to treat him with some nuts, the kittens to dance for his diversion, the magpye to tell his fortune; and all were enjoined to contribute something to the entertainment of the little stranger in his new apartments. And 'tis inconceivable how busy they were in the execution of these trifles, with all their spirits in a hurry, and their whole souls laid out upon them.

ONE would have imagined, after the extraordinary tenderness with which our hero had been treated by lady *Tempest*, he must have felt great regret and concern



cern at the loss of her; but I am sorry to say it, he had no sooner dined, and felt himself snug in a new apartment, than he entirely forgot his former mistress. Here I know not how to excuse his behaviour. Had he been a man, one should not have wondered to find him guilty of ingratitude, a vice deeply rooted in the nature of that wicked animal; but that a dog—a creature famous for fidelity, should so soon forget his former friend and benefactress, is, I confess, quite unaccountable; and I would willingly draw a veil over this part of his conduct, if the veracity of an historian did not oblige me to relate it.

## C H A P. IX.

*What the reader will know if he reads it.*

**T**HE father of this little brood, who are now in possession of our hero, was captain *Vincent* of the guards, a gentleman whose character will cost us no long description.

CAPTAIN *Vincent* of the guards, was an exceeding handsome man, about thirty years old, tall and well-proportioned in his

his limbs; but so entirely devoted to the contemplation of his own pretty person, that he never detached his thoughts one moment from the consideration of it. Conscious of being a favourite of the ladies, among whom he was received always with eyes of affection, he thought the charms of his figure irresistible wherever he came, and seemed to shew himself in all public places as an object of public admiration. You saw for ever in his looks a smile of assurance, complacency, and self-applause; he appeared always to be wondering at his own accomplishments, and especially when he made a survey now and then of his dress and limbs, 'twas as much as to say to his company, 'gentlemen and ladies, 'look on me if you can without admiration.' The reputation of two or three affairs which fame had given him with women of fashion, still contributed to increase his vanity, and authorized him, as he thought, to bestow more time and pains on the beautifying and adorning so successful a figure. In short, after many real or pretended amours, which made him insufferably vain, he married at last a celebrated town-beauty, a woman of quality, who was in all respects

E

equal

equal to, and worthy of such a husband.

LADY *Betty Vincent*, the wife of this gentleman, was one of those haughty nymphs of quality, who presume so much on the merit of a title, that they never trouble themselves to acquire any other. She was proud, expensive, insolent and unmannerly to her inferiors; vain of her rank, and still vainer of her person; full of extravagant airs, and tho' exceedingly silly, conceited of an imaginary wit and smartness. As she set out in life with a full persuasion that her prodigious beauty, merit, and accomplishments, must soon procure her the title of *her grace*, she rejected several advantageous matches that offered, because they did not in all points come up to the height of her ambition. At length finding her charms begin to decay, in a fit of lust, disappointed pride, and opposition to her mother, with whom she had then a quarrel, she patched up a marriage with captain *Vincent* of the guards, contrary to the advice and remonstrances of all her friends and relations.

As

As the captain had no revenue beside the income of his commission, and her ladyship's fortune did not exceed seven thousand pounds, it may be concluded, when the honey-moon of love was over, this agreeable couple did not find the matrimonial fetters sit perfectly easy upon them. To retrench in any article, they found it impossible; to retire into the country, still more impossible; that was horrors, death, and despair—her ladyship could not hear of such a thing with patience—she was ready to swoon at the mention of it; and indeed the captain, who was equally attached to *London*, never made the proposal in earnest.

WHAT then could they do in these embarrassing circumstances? Why, they took a little house in *Hedge-Lane*, near the bottom of the *Hay-Market*, which being in the center of public diversions, served to keep them a little in countenance; and there they supported their spirits as well as they could, with reflecting that they still lived in the world, tho' their apartments were not so commodious as they could wish.

E 2 FETTERED  
two



FETTERED pride is sure to turn into peevishness, and spleen is the daughter of mortified vanity. Finding themselves cramped with want, they grew uneasy, discontented, jealous of each other's extravagance, and were scarce ever alone without reproaching one another on the article of expence. The lady powted at the captain for going to *White's*, and the captain recriminated on his wife for playing at *Brag*; and then followed a long contention, which of them spent the most money.

To compleat their misfortunes, her ladyship took to breeding, which introduced a thousand new expences; and they must absolutely have starved in the midst of pride and vanity, had they not been seasonably relieved now and then by some handsome presents from lady *Betty's* mother, my old lady *Harridan*, who was still alive, and in possession of a considerable jointure.

THE devotion which the captain paid to his beautiful figure, has already been described; nor was her ladyship one jot behind him in idolizing and adoring her  
own

own charms. She prided herself in a more particular manner on the *lovely bloom and charming delicacy of her complexion*, which had procured her the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the other; tho' perhaps if her enviers and admirers had known the following little story, both these passions would have considerably abated in them.

It was our hero's custom, whenever he came into a new family, to gratify his curiosity as soon as possible, with a general survey of the house. On his arrival here, his little owners were so fond of him the first day, that they lugged him about in their arms, and never permitted him to stray one moment out of their sights; but being left more at his own liberty the next morning, he thought it was then a convenient time for making his tour. After examining all the rooms above ground, he descended intrepidly into the kitchen, and began to look about sharp for a breakfast; for to say the truth, he had hitherto met with very thin commons in his new apartments. At last a blue and white dish, which stood on the dresser, presented itself to his eye. This immediately he deter-

mined to be a lawful prey, and perceiv-  
 ing nobody present to interrupt him,  
 boldly made a spring at it; but hap-  
 pening unluckily to leap against the dish,  
 down it came, and its contents ran about  
 the kitchen. Scarce had this happened,  
 when my lady's maid appeared below  
 stairs, and began to scream out in a very  
 shrill accent, 'why who has done this  
 ' now? I'll be whipped if this *owdacious*  
 ' little dog has not been and thrown  
 ' down my lady's backside's breakfast;  
 after which she fell very severely on the  
 cook, who now entered the kitchen, and  
 began to reprimand her in a very autho-  
 ritative tone, for not taking more care  
 of her dressers; 'but let the 'pothecary,'  
 added she, 'come and mix up his nasti-  
 ' ness himself an he will, for deuce fetch  
 ' me if I'll wait on her ladyship's backside  
 ' in this manner: If she will have her  
 ' clysters, let the clyster-pipe doctor  
 ' come and minister them himself, and  
 ' not put me to her filthy offices.——  
 ' O Lord bless us! well, rather than be  
 ' at all this pains for a complexion, I'd  
 ' be as brown as a berry all my life-  
 ' time. The finest flowers, I have heard  
 ' say, are raised from dung, and perhaps  
 ' it may be so—I am sure 'tis so at our  
 ' house,

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‘house, for my lady takes physic twice  
‘a week, and treats her backside with a  
‘clyster once a fortnight, and all this to  
‘preserve a complexion.’

WHILE the waiting-gentlewoman was haranguing thus at the expence of her mistress, the captain’s valet also came into the kitchen, and hearing his fellow-servant very loud and vociferous, enquired what was the matter. ‘Matter,’ cries she, ‘matter enough o’conscience! ‘don’t you see there? This plaguy little ‘devil of a dog has been and flung ‘down my lady’s backside’s breakfast.’ ‘Bless us, a prodigious disaster indeed!’ replied the valet; ‘why, what shall we ‘do now, Mrs. *Minikin*? I am afraid ‘your lady’s complexion will want its ‘bloom to day.’ ‘Hang her complexion,’ said *Abigail*, ‘I wish her ‘complexion was at the bottom of her ‘own close-stool; she need be so generous to her backside indeed—I am ‘sure she is not so over-and-above generous to her servants, and her trades-folks.’ ‘True,’ cries the valet, ‘if ‘she would treat us with a breakfast now ‘and then, as well as her backside, me ‘thinks it would not be amiss, for deuce



' take me, if I ever saw such house-  
 ' keeping in any family that ever I lived  
 ' in, in my days. They dress plaguy  
 ' fine both of 'em, and cut a figure  
 ' abroad, while their servants are starv-  
 ' ing at home.' ' Yes, yes,' said Mrs.  
*Minikin*, ' 'tis all shew and no substance  
 ' at our house. There's your pretty  
 ' master, the captain, has been smug-  
 ' ging up his pretty face, and cleaning  
 ' his teeth for this hour, before the  
 ' looking-glass this morning. I wonder  
 ' he does not clyster for a complexion  
 ' too. Tho', thank heaven, he's cox-  
 ' comb enough already, and wants no  
 ' addition to his pride; he seems to  
 ' think no woman can look him in the  
 ' face without falling in love with him,  
 ' with his black solitaire, and his white  
 ' teeth, and his frizzled hair, and his  
 ' fopperies. O Lord have mercy upon  
 ' us! well, every one to their liking,  
 ' but hang me if I would not marry a  
 ' monkey as soon as such a powdered  
 ' scaramouch, were I a woman of qua-  
 ' lity.—Get out you little nasty devil of  
 ' a dog; hang me if I won't brain you,  
 ' and let the little vixens your mistresses  
 ' say what they please.'

HAVING

HAVING said this, she set out full of rage in pursuit of poor *Pompey*, who took to his heels with great precipitation, and fled for his life; but not being nimble enough he was overtaken, and smarted severely for the trespass he had committed. To say the truth, he soon began to find himself very unhappily situated in this family; for wretched are all those animals that become the favourites of children. At first indeed he suffered only the barbarity of their kindness, and was persecuted with no other cruelties than what arose from their extravagant love of him; but when the date of his favour began to expire (and it did not continue long) he was then taught to feel how much severer their hate could be than their fondness. He had indeed from the first, two or three dreadful presages of what might happen to him; for he had seen with his own eyes the two kittens, his play-fellows, drowned for some misdemeanor they had been guilty of, and the magpye's head chopt off with the greatest passion, for daring to peck a piece of plumb-cake that lay in the window without permission; which instances of cruelty were

sufficient to warn him, if he had any foresight, of what might afterwards happen to himself.

BUT he was not left long to entertain himself with conjectures, before he felt in person and in reality the mischievous disposition of these little tyrants. Sometimes they took it into their heads that he was full of fleas, and then he was foused into a tub of water till he was almost dead, in order to kill the vermin that inhabited the hair of his body. At other times he was set on his hinder legs with a book before his eyes, and ordered to read his lesson; which not being able to perform, they whipped him till he howled, and then chastised him the more for daring to be sensible of pain.

MUCH of this treatment did he undergo, often wishing himself restored to the arms of lady *Tempest*, when fortune taking pity of his calamities, once more resolved to change his lodgings, and deliver him from this house of inquisition.

CHAP.

## C H A P. X.

*A matrimonial dispute.*

**L**A D Y *Betty Vincent* had a mother still living, as we hinted in the preceding chapter; who having worn out her life in vanity, cards, and all sorts of luxury, was now turned methodist at seventy, and thought by presenting heaven with the dregs of her age, to atone for all the riot and lasciviousness of her youth. For this purpose she had renounced all public diversions, put herself under the tuition of the two great field-preaching apostles, and was become one of the warmest votaries of that prevailing sect.

BUT besides the self-mortification she was pleased to undergo, her ladyship had likewise an additional stratagem to procure her pardon above, which she thought impossible to fail her; and this was to take her eldest grand-daughter out of the temptations of a wicked seducing age into her own family; and breed her up a methodist: the merit of which



which laudable action she hoped would compensate all her own miscarriages, and effectually restore her to the divine favour.

HAVING thus laid the scheme of compounding matters with heaven, and making the virtues of the grand-daughter balance as it were and set off the sins of the grand-mother, she now thought only of putting it in execution. In the first place she communicated her design to the two apostles, and the moment she was assured of their approbation, she dispatched a message to her daughter, desiring an hour's conversation with her the first time she was at leisure.

LADY Betty, who had great dependence on her mother, did not fail to answer the summons, and was with her very early the next morning; *so very early*, that the clock had but just struck one; which she said was an instance of *her uncommon filial obedience*. It may be imagined the two ladies soon came to agreement; lady Betty being as glad to get rid of a charge, as lady Harridan to acquire a companion, which she represented

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 85

sented as the motive that induced her to take her grand-daughter into her family.

MATTERS being thus settled, lady Betty returned home to dinner; where she observed a sullen silence till the cloth was removed, and the servants were carrying away the last things. Then it was that she pleased to open her mouth, and bade one of the footmen 'tell *Minikin* 'to get *Sally's* cloaths and linnen packed 'up against the evening.' There happened at this time to be a *miff* subsisting between her ladyship and the captain, and they had glowed at one another for several days without exchanging a word. She did not therefore vouchsafe to ask her husband's consent in the step she was taking, nor even to inform him of it in direct terms, but left him to extract it as well as he could from this oblique message, which she sent to her maid. The captain, who saw plainly that some mystery was contained under these orders, had at first a mind to be revenged by affecting not to hear them; but curiosity prevailing over his resentment, he submitted at length to ask whither his daughter was going?

' WHY,

‘WHY, if you will spend all your life  
‘ at *White’s*, and lose all your money in  
‘ play, (replied the lady with an air of  
‘ (disdain) I must dispose of my children  
‘ as well as I can, I think.’

‘BUT what connexion is there, in the  
‘ name of God,’ said the captain, between  
‘ my playing at *White’s*, and your pack-  
‘ ing up your daughter’s cloaths?—Un-  
‘ less perhaps you are going to send  
‘ your daughter to the *Foundling-Hos-*  
‘ *pital*.’

‘YES, perhaps I am,’ cries she with  
‘ a toss of her head; ‘ if one can’t main-  
‘ tain one’s children at home, they must  
‘ e’en come upon the parish, and there’s an  
‘ end of it.’

STILL the captain remained unen-  
lightened; not a ray of information tran-  
spired through these dark speeches, and  
indeed there seemed to be no likelihood  
of an eclaircissement; for in this man-  
ner they continued to play at cross-pur-  
poses with one another for several mi-  
nutes. At last, his patience being ut-  
terly exhausted, he insisted very earnest-  
ly,

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 87

ly, and somewhat angrily, to know what was going to be done with his daughter. 'Why, mamma has a mind to take the girl to live with her, if you must know,' replied her ladyship, 'and that is going to be done with your daughter. If you will get children, without being able to maintain them, you may be thankful methinks to find there is somebody in the world that will take them off your hands.' 'Oh Madam!' cries the captain, 'as to the article of begetting children, I apprehend your ladyship to be full as guilty as I am, and therefore that is out of the question—but as to your mamma's taking them off our hands, devil take me if I am not exceedingly obliged to her for it. Your mamma is welcome to take them all, if she pleases.—I only wanted to know what was going to be done with the girl, and now I am most perfectly satisfied ;' which he uttered with the most taunting pronunciation in the world.

THERE is nothing so exceedingly provoking as a sneer to people enraged and inflamed with pride. The captain perceived the effect it had, and resolving to pursue



pursue his triumph, 'My dear,' added he, 'to be sure the prudent care you are taking to provide for your children is highly commendable, but I am afraid your mamma will debauch the girl with religion.—She'll teach her perhaps to whine, and cant, and say her prayers under the godly Mr. *Whitefield*.'

LADY Betty had never in her life shewn the least regard for her mother. She had married in direct opposition to her will, and partly out of revenge, because she happened at that time to have a quarrel with her, and knew her disinclination to the match: but now so much was she galled with the captain's raillery, that she gladly seized on any thing which offered as a handle of reproach. With rage therefore sparkling in her eyes, and indignation glowing all over her face, she cried out, 'How dare you ridicule my mamma? If mamma has a mind to be an old dotting idiot, and change her religion, does it become you of all people to reproach her with it? You have the greatest obligations to her, sir, and you may be ashamed to give yourself such

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‘ such airs. You ridicule my mamma !  
 ‘ —You of all people in the world !—  
 ‘ ’Twould have been well for me, I am  
 ‘ sure, if I had taken mamma’s advice,  
 ‘ and never *had you* ; for you know you  
 ‘ *brought* nothing but your little beg-  
 ‘ garly commission, and what is the in-  
 ‘ come of a little beggarly commission ?  
 ‘ ’tis not sufficient to furnish one’s pin-  
 ‘ cushion with pins. And who pray  
 ‘ *was you*, when I *had you* ? You know  
 ‘ you was *no blood* or *family* ; and yet  
 ‘ you pretend to ridicule my mamma !  
 ‘ you of all people ! you !—if it was  
 ‘ not for mamma now, you would starve,  
 ‘ you and all your brats would starve  
 ‘ with want.’

WHEN a dispute is grown to the highest, especially if it be a matrimonial one, all sober argument and cool reply are nothing better than words spoken against the wind. The judicious captain therefore instead of answering this invective of his spouse, very wisely, in my opinion, fell a singing ; which so exasperated the fair lady, and so utterly over-set her patience, that she started from her chair, swept down two or three bottles and glasses with her hoop petticoat, flounced

flounced out of the room, and rushed up stairs ready to burst with spite and indignation.

ALL the while this dispute was passing in the parlour, our hero was the subject of as fierce a one among his little owners, or rather tormentors, in another room. For as the eldest girl was going into a different family, it was necessary they should make a separation of their play-things; and our hero being incapable of division, unless they had carved him out into shares, a warm debate arose concerning him, both sides obstinately refusing to wave their pretensions. This perhaps may seem a little wonderful to the reader, who has been informed that they were all long ago grown tired of him; but let him consider the tempers of this little family, begotten in spleen, peevishness, and pride, and I believe he will not think it unnatural, after the recent example he has seen of their parents, that a spirit of opposition should make them contend with the greatest vehemence for a matter of the most absolute indifference to them. This was in reality the cause of their contention, and they would soon have

have gone together by the ears, had not their mamma appeared to decide the question in favour of her eldest girl; whose claim she said was indisputable, from the circumstance of her finding him in the *Park*.

LADY *Betty* was hardly yet recovered from her passion, but being now told that lady *Harridan's* coach was waiting for her at the door, she composed her face as well as she could, and mounted into it, attended by her daughter and the hero of this history.

## CHAP. XI.

### *A stroke at the methodists.*

THEY arrived at lady *Harridan's* about seven o'clock in the evening, and were immediately conducted up-stairs into her ladyship's dining-room, where they found a large company of women assembled. On the first sight of so many ladies, I believe our hero concluded, he was got into some rout or drum, such as he had often seen at lady *Tempest's*; yet on the other hand he knew



knew not well how to reconcile many appearances with such a supposition. He saw no cards, he heard no laughing — the solemn faces of the servants, who now and then appeared, the sober looks of the company, every thing seemed to inform him, that pleasure never could be the cause of this assembly. It was indeed a sisterhood of the godly, met together to bewail the vanities of human life, and congratulate one another on their common good-luck, in breaking away from the enchantments of a sinful world.

THE causes, which had converted them to methodism, were almost as various as the several characters of the converts. Some the ill-success of their charms had driven to despair; others a consciousness of too great success had touched with repentance; and both these terminated in superstitious melancholy. Disappointed love and criminal amour, tho' opposite in nature, here wrought the same effects: thunder and lightning, ill-omened dreams, earthquakes, vapors, small-pox, all had their converts in this religious collection: but far the most part of them, like the noble president, were

were women fatigued and worn out in the vanities of life, the battered and superannuated jades of pleasure, who being grown sick of themselves, and weary of the world, were now fled to methodism, merely as the newest sort of folly, that had lately been invented.

—*Species non omnibus una,*

*Net diversa tamen; qualem decet esse  
fororum.*

THE appearance of lady Betty in such a company as this, was like a wasp's invading a nest of drones. She was too spirited, too much drest, too worldly to be agreeable to them, and they in return gave as little pleasure to her. In short, she very soon found herself out of her element, and after sitting a few minutes only, rose up and began to make her departing curtsies.

‘WHY sure you are not going, lady Betty,’ cried the mother—‘I presumed upon your staying the evening with us.’

‘No thank you,’ replied the daughter; ‘another time, if you please, mamma;’

‘but

‘ but you seem to be all too religious  
 ‘ abundantly for me at present. I can’t  
 ‘ afford to say my prayers above once a  
 ‘ week, mamma, and ’tis not Sunday to-  
 ‘ day according to my calculation.’

‘ For shame, for shame, my dear,  
 ‘ don’t indulge such levity of discourse,’  
 said lady *Harridan*; ‘ let me prevail on  
 ‘ you to stay, lady *Betty*, and I am sure  
 ‘ we shall make a convert of you.  
 ‘ There is that tranquillity, my dear,  
 ‘ that composure, that serenity of mind  
 ‘ attending methodism, that I am sure  
 ‘ no person who judges fairly, can re-  
 ‘ fuse to embrace it. Pleasure, my dear,  
 ‘ is all vanity and folly, an inquiet,  
 ‘ empty, transient delusion—believe me,  
 ‘ child, I have experienced it, I have  
 ‘ proved the vanity of it, and depend  
 ‘ upon’t, sooner or later you will come to  
 ‘ the same way of thinking.’

‘ VERY likely I may,’ replied lady  
*Betty*: ‘ but you’ll give me leave to grow a  
 ‘ little wicked first, won’t you, mamma?  
 ‘ I have not sins enough at present, I am  
 ‘ not quite wicked enough as yet to turn  
 ‘ methodist.’

‘ FIE!

‘ FIE ! fie ! don’t encourage that licentiousness of conversation,’ cries the old lady; ‘ you shock me, my dear, beyond measure, you make my blood run cold again to hear you—but let me beseech you to stay, and you’ll have the pleasure of hearing the dear *Whitefield* talk on this subject—we expect him every minute.’

‘ Do you?’ says lady *Betty*; ‘ then upon my honour I’ll hie me away this moment, for I’ll promise you, mamma, I have not the least desire or curiosity to hear the dear *Whitefield*—and so your servant, ladies, your servant.’ Having said this, she brushed down stairs, and left the company astonished at her prophaneness.

As lady *Betty* went out, the dear *Whitefield* and his brother apostle entered, who were the only people wanting to compleat this religious collection. On their appearance the mysteries began, and they all fell to lamenting the wickedness of their former lives. The great guilt of loving cards, the exceeding sinfulness of having been fond of dancing  
in



in their youthful days, were enumerated as sins of the most atrocious quality; whilst other crimes, of a nature perhaps not inferior to these, were very prudently kept out of sight. Then Mr. *Whitefield* began to preach the history of his life, and related the many combats and desperate encounters he had had with the devil; how satan confined him to his chamber once at college, and permitted him not to eat for several days together; with ten thousand other malicious pranks play'd by the prince of darkness on the body of that unfortunate adventurer, if we may believe his own journals. He proceeded in the next place to describe the many miracles, which heaven had wrought in his favour; how it ceased to rain once, and the sun broke out on a sudden, just as he was beginning to preach on *Kennington-Common*; with a million more equally stupendous prodigies, which shew how great an interest heaven takes in all the actions of that religious mountebank. When the company had enjoyed enough of this spiritual and suspicious conversation, they proceeded in the last place to singing of psalms; and this concluded the superstition of the evening.

ALL

ALL the former part of the time, our hero sat very composed and quietly before the fire; but when they began to chant their hymns, surprized and astonished with the novelty of this proceeding, he fell to howling with the most sonorous accent, and in a key much higher than any of the screaming sisters. Nor was this all; for presently afterwards, Mr. *Wh——d* attempting to stroke him, he snarled and bit his finger: which being the self-same indignity that *Lucian* formerly offered to the hand of a similar impostor, we thought it not beneath the dignity of this history to relate it. To say the truth, I believe he had taken some disgust to that exceeding pious gentleman; for besides these two instances of ill-behaviour, he was guilty of a much greater rudeness the next day to his works.

LADY *Harridan*, as soon as she arose the next morning, sent for her little grand-daughter immediately into her closet, and made her repeat some long methodistical prayers; after which she heard her read several pages out of the apostle's journal, and then they went to  
F breakfast;

breakfast; but by mistake left poor *Pompey* shut up in the closet. The little prisoner scratched very impatiently to be released, and made various attempts to open the door; but not having the good fortune to succeed, he leaped upon the table, and wantonly did his occasions on the field preacher's memoirs, which lay open upon it. Whether this was done to express his contempt of the book, or merely from an incapacity of suppressing his needs, is hardly possible for us to determine; tho' we are sensible how much it would exalt him in the reader's esteem, to ascribe it to the former motive; and indeed it must be confessed, that his chusing to drop his superfluities on so particular a spot, may very well countenance such a suspicion; but unless we had the talents of *Æsop*, to interpret the sentiments of brutes, it will for ever be impossible to come at the truth of this important affair.

HOWEVER that be, lady *Harridan* unfortunately returned to her closet soon afterwards, and saw the crime he had been guilty of. Rage and indignation sparkled in her eyes; she rang her bell instantly with the greatest fury, and on the

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 99

the appearance of a footman, ordered him immediately to be hanged. His young mistress, whose love for him had long since cooled, and who besides feared her grand mamma's resentment, did not think proper to oppose the sentence. He was had away therefore that moment to execution; which I dare say, courteous reader, thou art extremely glad to hear, as it would put a period to his history, and prevent thee from mispending any more of thy precious time. But alas! thy hopes are vain—thy labours are not yet at an end. The footman, who happened to have some few grains of compassion in his nature, instead of obeying his lady's orders, sold him that day for a pint of porter to an ale-house keeper's daughter in *Tyburn-Road*. Here then, gentle friend, if thou art tired, let me advise thee to desist and fall asleep; or if perchance thy spirits are fresh, and thou dost not yet begin to yawn, proceed on courageously, and thou wilt in good time arrive at the end of thy journey.



## C H A P. XII.

*The history of a modish marriage; the description of a coffee-house, and a very grave political debate on the good of the nation.*

**POMPEY** was sold, as we have just observed, to an alehouse-keeper's daughter, for the valuable consideration of a pint of porter. This amiable young lady was then on the point of marriage with a hackney-coachman, and soon afterwards the nuptials were consummated to the great joy of the two ancient families, who were by this means sure of not being extinct. As soon as the ceremony was over at the *Fleet*, the new-married couple set out to celebrate their wedding at the *Old Blue-Boar* in *Tyburn-Road*, and the bride was conducted home at night dead-drunk to her new apartments in a garret in *Smithfield*.

THIS fashionable pair had scarce been married three days before they began to quarrel on a very fashionable subject. For the civil well-bred husband coming  
I home

home one night from his station, and expecting the cow-heels to have been ready for his supper, found his lodgings empty, and his darling spouse abroad. At about eleven o'clock she came flouncing into the room, and telling him, with great *gaieté de cœur*, that she had been at the play, began to describe the several scenes of *Hamlet* prince of *Denmark*. Judge if this was not provocation too great for a hackney-coachman's temper. He fell to exercising his whip in a most outrageous manner, and she applying herself no less readily to more desperate weapons, a most bloody fray ensued between them; in which the coachman had like to have been stabbed with a penknife, and his fair spouse was obliged to keep her bed near a month with the bruises she received in this horrid rencounter.

POMPEY now most sensibly felt the ill effects of his former luxury, which served only to aggravate the miseries of his present condition. The coarse fare he met with in roofless garrets, or cellars under ground, were but indelicate morsels to one who had formerly lived on *ragouts* and *fricassees*; and he found it

very difficult to sleep on hard and naked floors, who had been used to have his limbs cushioned up on *sopha's* and couches. But luckily for him, his favour with his mistress procured him the hatred of his master, who sold him a second time to a nymph of *Billingsgate* for a pennyworth of oysters.

His situation indeed was not mended for the present by this means, but it put him in a way to be released the sooner from a course of life so ill-suited to his constitution or his temper. For this delicate fisherwoman, as she went her rounds, carried him one evening to a certain coffee-house near the *Temple*, where the lady behind the bar was immediately struck with his beauty, and with no great difficulty prevailed on the gentle water-nymph to surrender him for a dram of brandy.

His fortunes now began to wear a little better aspect, and he spent his time here agreeably enough in listening to the conversations and disputes that arose in the coffee-room among people of all denominations; for here assembled wits, critics, templars, politicians, poets, country

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try squires, grave tradesmen, and sapient physicians.

THE little consistories of wit claimed his first attention, being a dog of a natural turn for humour, and he took a pleasure to hear young *Templars* criticise the works of *Shakespear*, call Mr. *Garrick* to account every evening for his action, extol the beauty of actresses, and the reputation of whores.

WHEN he was tired of the clubs of humour, he would betake himself to another table, and listen to a junto of politicians, who used to assemble here in an evening with the most public-spirited views; namely, to settle the affairs of the nation, and point out the errors of the ministry. Here he has heard the government arraigned in the most abusive manner, for what the government never performed or thought of; and the lowest ribaldry of a dirty news-paper, cried up as the highest touches of attic irony. He has heard sea-fights condemned by people who never saw the sea even thro' a telescope; and the general of an army called to account for his disposition of a battle, by men whose



knowledge of war never reached beyond a cock match.

A CURIOUS conversation of this kind passed one day in his hearing, which I shall beg leave to relate as a little specimen of coffee-house oratory. It happened at the end of the late rebellion; and the chief orator of the club began as usual with asserting, that the rebellion was promoted by the ministry for some private ends of their own. ‘What was the reason,’ said he, ‘of its being disbelieved so long? Why was our army absent at such a critical conjuncture? I should be glad to hear any man answer me these questions. They may think perhaps they are acting all this while in secret, and applaud themselves for their cunning; but I believe I know more than they would wish me to know. Thank God I can see a little, if I please to open my eyes. ‘Zounds, old *Walpole* is behind the curtain still, notwithstanding his resignation, and the old game is playing over again, whatever they may pretend—There was a correspondence between *Walpole* and *Fleury*, to my knowledge, and they projected between  
‘ them

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‘ them all the evils that have since hap-  
 ‘ pened to the nation.’

THE company all seemed to agree  
 with this eloquent gentleman’s senti-  
 ments; and one of them ventured to say  
 he believed the army was sent into *Flan-*  
*ders*, on purpose to be out of the way at  
 the time of the insurrection, ‘ ’Zounds,’  
 says the orator, ‘ I believe you are in the  
 ‘ right, and the wind blew them over  
 ‘ against their inclinations. Pox! what  
 ‘ made *What-d’ye-callum’s* army disperse  
 ‘ as it did? let any body answer me that,  
 ‘ if they are able. Don’t you think they  
 ‘ had orders from above to run away?—  
 ‘ By G—d I do, if you don’t, and I be-  
 ‘ lieve I could prove it too, if I was to  
 ‘ set about it. Besides, if they have any  
 ‘ desire of preventing future invasions  
 ‘ from *France*, why don’t they send out  
 ‘ and burn all their shipping? Why  
 ‘ don’t they send out *Vernon* with a strong  
 ‘ fleet, and let him burn all their ship-  
 ‘ ping? I warrant him, if he had a pro-  
 ‘ per commission in his pocket, he would  
 ‘ not leave a harbour or a ship in *France*  
 ‘ —but they know they don’t dare  
 ‘ do it for fear of discoveries; they are  
 ‘ in league with the *French* ministry; or

‘ else, damme, can any thing be so easy  
 ‘ as to take and burn all the shipping in  
 ‘ *France* ?’

A GENTLEMAN, who had hitherto sat silent at the table, replied, with a sneer on his countenance, ‘ No, sir, nothing in  
 ‘ the world can be so easy, except talk-  
 ‘ ing about it.’ This drew the eyes of the company upon him, and every one began to wink at his neighbour, when the orator resumed the discourse in the following manner. ‘ Talk, sir? no  
 ‘ faith, we are come to that pass, that we  
 ‘ don’t dare talk now-a-days; things are  
 ‘ come to such a pass, that we don’t dare  
 ‘ open our mouths.’ ‘ Sir, said the gentleman, I think you have been talking  
 ‘ already with great licentiousness; and  
 ‘ let me add too, with great indecency  
 ‘ on a very serious subject.’ ‘ ’Zounds,  
 ‘ sir, said the orator, may not I have  
 ‘ the liberty of speaking my mind freely  
 ‘ upon any subject that I please? why,  
 ‘ we don’t live in *France*, sir; you forget, surely——This is *England*, this is  
 ‘ honest *Old England*, sir, and not a *Mabometan* empire; tho’ God knows how  
 ‘ long we shall continue so in the way  
 ‘ we are going on——and yet, forsooth,  
 ‘ we

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' we must not talk ; our mouths are to  
 ' be sewed up, as well as our purses  
 ' taken from us — Here we are paying  
 ' four shillings in the pound, and yet  
 ' we must not speak our minds freely.'  
 ' Sir, said the gentleman, undoubtedly  
 ' you may speak your mind freely ; but  
 ' the laws of your country oblige you  
 ' not to speak treason, and the laws of  
 ' good-manners should dispose you to  
 ' speak with decency and respect of your  
 ' governors. You say, sir, we are come  
 ' to that pass, that we dare not talk  
 ' —I protest, that is very extraordi-  
 ' nary ; and if I was called upon to an-  
 ' swer this declaration, I would rather  
 ' say we are come to that pass now-  
 ' a-days, that we talk with more viru-  
 ' lence and ill-language than ever—we  
 ' talk upon subjects which it is impos-  
 ' sible we should understand, and advance  
 ' assertions, which we know to be false.  
 ' Bold affirmations against the govern-  
 ' ment are believed merely from the dint  
 ' of assurance with which they are spo-  
 ' ken, and the idlest jargon often passes  
 ' for the soundest reasoning. Give me  
 ' leave to say, you, sir, are a living ex-  
 ' ample of the lenity of that govern-  
 ' ment, which you are abusing for want  
 ' of



‘ of lenity, and your own practice in the  
 ‘ strongest manner confutes your own as-  
 ‘ sertions—but I beg we may call another  
 ‘ subject.’

HERE the orator having nothing more to reply, was resolved to retire from a place where he could no longer make a figure. Wherefore, flinging down his reckoning, and putting on his hat with great vehemence, he walked away muttering furlily to himself, ‘ things are come  
 ‘ to a fine pass truly, if people may not  
 ‘ have the liberty of talking.’ The rest of the company separated soon afterwards, all of them harbouring no very favourable opinion of the gentleman, who had taken the courage to stand up in defence of the government. Some imagined he was a spy, others concluded he was a writer of the gazettes, and the most part were contented with only thinking him a fool.

THE angry orator was no sooner got home to his family, and seated in his elbow-chair at supper, than he began to give vent to the indignation he had been collecting; ‘ ’Zounds,’ said he, ‘ I have  
 ‘ been called to account for my words  
 ‘ to-

' to-night. I have been told by a jack-  
 ' a-napes at the coffee-house, that I must  
 ' not say what I please against the go-  
 ' vernment. *Talk with decency indeed!*  
 ' a fart of decency!—let them act with  
 ' decency, if they have a mind to stop  
 ' people's mouths—Talk with decency!  
 ' d—mn 'em all, I'll talk what I please,  
 ' and no king or minister on earth shall  
 ' controul me. Let 'em behead me, if  
 ' they have a mind, as they did *Balme-*  
 ' *rino*, and t'other fellow, that died like  
 ' a coward. Must I be catechized by a  
 ' little sycophant that kisses the a—e of  
 ' a minister? What is an *Englishman*,  
 ' that dares not utter his sentiments  
 ' freely?—Talk with decency! I wish  
 ' I had kicked the rascal out of the  
 ' coffee-house, and I will, if ever I meet  
 ' him again, d—mme——Pox! we are  
 ' come to a fine pass, if every little pra-  
 ' ting, pragmatrical jack-a-napes is to  
 ' contradict a true born *Englishman*.

WHILE his wife and daughters sat  
 trembling at the vehemence of his  
 speeches, yet not daring to speak, for  
 fear of drawing his rage on themselves,  
 he began to curse them for their silence;  
 and addressing himself to his wife, ' why  
 ' do'st

‘ do’st not speak,’ cries he, ‘ what, I suppose, I shall have you telling me by-and-by too, that I must talk with decency?’ ‘ My dear,’ said the wife, with great humility, ‘ I know nothing at all of the matter.’ ‘ No,’ cries he, ‘ I believe not; but you might know to dress a supper, tho’, and be d-mn’d to you——Here’s nothing that I can eat, according to custom. Pox, a man may starve with such a wife at the head of his family.’

WHEN the cloth was removed, and he was preparing to fill his pipe, unfortunately he could not find his tobacco-stopper, which again set his choler at work. ‘ Go up stairs, Moll!’ said he to one of his daughters, ‘ and feel in my old breeches pocket——D-mme, I believe that scoundrel at the coffee-house has robbed me *with his decency*——Why do’st not stir, girl? what, hast got the cramp in thy toes? Why, papa,’ said the girl flippantly, ‘ I am going as fast as I can.’——Upon which, immediately he threw a bottle at her head, and proceeding from invectives to blows, he beat his wife, kicked his daughters, swore at his servants; and after all this,

POMPEY THE LITTLE. III

went reeling up to bed with curses in his mouth against the tyranny of the government.

Nothing can be more common than examples in this way, of people who preside over their families with the most arbitrary brutal severity, and yet are ready on all occasions to abuse the government for the smallest exertion of its power. To say the truth, I scarce know a man, who is not a *tyrant in miniature*, over the circle of his own dependants; and I have observed those in particular to exercise the greatest lordship over their inferiors, who are most forward to complain of oppression from their superiors. Happy is it for the world, that this coffee-house statesman was not born a king, for one may very justly apply to him the line of *Martial*,

*Hei mihi ! si fueris tu leo, qualis eris ?*

CHAP.



## C H A P XIII.

*A description of counsellor Tanturian.*

**B**UT among the many people, who frequented this coffee-house, *Pompey* was delighted with no-body more than with the person of counsellor *Tanturian*; who used to crawl out once a week, to read all the public papers from *Monday* to *Monday*, at the moderate price of a penny. His dress and character were both so extraordinary, as will excuse a short digression upon them.

He set out originally with a very humble fortune at the *Temple*, not without hopes, however, of arriving, some time or other, at the chancellor's seat: But having tried his abilities once or twice at the bar, to little purpose, nature soon whispered in his ear, that he was never designed for an orator. He attended the judges indeed, after this, through two or three circuits, but finding his gains by no means equivalent to his expences, he thought it most prudent to decline the noisy *forum*, and content himself with giving advice to clients in a chamber.

Either

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 113

Either his talents here also were deficient, or fame had not sufficiently divulged his merit, but his chamber was seldom disturbed with visitors, and he had few occasions to envy the tranquillity of a country life, according to the lawyer in *Horace*;

*Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,  
Sub Galli cantum consultor ubi ostia  
pulsat.*

His temper grew soured and unsocial by miscarriages, and the narrowness of his fortune obliging him to a strict frugality, he soon degenerated into avarice. The rust of money is very apt to infect the soul; and people, whose circumstances condemn them to oeconomy, in time grow misers from very habit. This was the case with counsellor *Tanturian*, who having quite discarded the relish of pleasure, and finding his little pittance, by that means, more than adequate to his expences, resolved to apply the overplus to the laudable purposes of usury. This noble occupation he had followed a long time, and by it accumulated a sum of ten thousand pounds, which his heart would not suffer him to enjoy,  
though

though he had neither relation or friend to leave it to at his death. He lived almost constantly alone in a dirty chamber, denying himself every comfort of life, and half-starved for want of sustenance. Neither love, nor ambition, nor joy, disturbed his repose; his passions all centered in money, and he was a kind of savage within doors.

THE furniture of his person was not less curious than his character. At home indeed he wore nothing but a greasy flannel cap about his head, and a dingy night-gown about his body; but when he went abroad, he arrayed himself in a suit of black, of full twenty years standing, and very like in colour to what is worn by undertakers at a funeral. His peruke, which had once adorned the head of a judge in the reign of Queen *Anne*, spread copiously over his back, and down his shoulders. By his side hung an aged sword, long rusted in its scabbard; and his black silk stockings had been so often darned with a different material, that, like Sir *John Cutler's*, they were now metamorphosed into black worsted stockings.

SUCH

SUCH was counsellor *Tanturian*, who once a week came to read the newspapers at the coffee-house where *Pompey* lived. A dog of any talents for humour, could not help being diverted with his appearance, and our hero found great pleasure in playing him tricks, in which he was secretly encouraged by every body in the coffee-room. At first indeed, he never saw him without barking at him, as at a monster just dropped out of the moon; but when time had a little reconciled him to his figure, he entertained the company every time he came with some new prank, at the counsellor's expence. Once he ran away with his spectacles; at another time, he laid violent teeth on his shirt, which hung out of his breeches, and shook it, to the great diversion of all beholders: But what occasioned more laughter than any thing, was a trick that follows.

TANTURIAN had been tempted one day, by two old acquaintance, to indulge his genius at a tavern; where he complain'd highly of the expensiveness of the dinner, tho' it consisted only of a beef-steak and two fowls. That nothing might



might be lost, he took an opportunity, unobserved by the company, to slip the leg of a pullet into his pocket; intending to carry it home for his supper at night. In his way he called at the coffee-house, where little *Pompey* playing about him as usual, unfortunately happened to scent the provision in the counsellor's pocket. *Tanturian*, mean time, was so deeply engaged with his newspaper, that he never attended to the motions of the dog, who getting slyly behind him, thrust his head into the pocket, and boldly seizing the spoils, displayed them in triumph to the sight of the whole room. The poor counsellor could not stand the laugh; but retired home in a melancholy mood, vexed at the discovery, and more vexed at the loss of his supper.

BUT these diversions were soon interrupted by a most unlucky accident, and our hero, unfortunate as he has hitherto been, is now going to suffer a turn of fate more grievous than any he yet has known. Following the maid one evening into the streets, he unluckily missed her at the turning of an alley, and happening to take a wrong way, prowled

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prowled out of his knowledge before he was aware. He wandered about the streets for many hours, in vain endeavouring to explore his way home; in which distress, his memory brought back the cruel chance that had separated him from his best mistress lady *Tempest*, and this reflection aggravated his misery beyond description. At last, a watchman picked him up, and carried him to the watch-house, where he spent his night in all the agonies of horror and despair. For a watch-house, as I dare say many of my readers can testify from experience, is not the most agreeable place of repose, either for dogs or men.

### C H A P. XIV.

*A short chapter, containing all the wit, and all the spirit, and all the pleasure of modern young gentlemen.*

AS he was here abandoning himself to lamentation and despair, some other watchmen brought in two fresh prisoners to bear him company in his confinement, who, I am sorry to say it, were two young lords. They were extremely

tremely disordered, both in their dress, and understanding; for champagne was not the only enemy they had encountered that evening. One of them had lost his coat and waist-coat; the other his bag and peruke, all but a little circular lock of hair, which grew to his forehead, and now hanging over his eyes, added not a little to the drollery of his figure.

THE generous god of the grape had cast such a mist over their understandings, that they were insensible at first of the place of honour they were promoted to; but at length, one of them a little recovering his wits, cried out, ‘ what the devil place is this? a bawdy-house, or a presbyterian meeting-house?’ ‘ Neither, sir,’ answered a watchman, ‘ but the round-house.’ ‘ O p—x,’ said his lordship, ‘ I thought you had been a dissenting parson, old grey-beard, and was going to preach against wh—ring, for you must know, old fellow, I am confoundedly *in for* it—But what privilege have you, sir, to carry a man of honour to the round-house?’ ‘ Ay,’ said the other, ‘ what right has such an old fornicator  
as

‘as thou art, to interrupt the pleasures  
 ‘of men of quality? may not a noble-  
 ‘man get drunk, without being di-  
 ‘sturbed by a pack of rascals in the  
 ‘streets?’ ‘Gentlemen,’ answered the  
 watch, ‘we are no rascals, but ser-  
 ‘vants of his majesty king *George*, and  
 ‘his majesty requires us to take up all  
 ‘people that commit disorderly riots in  
 ‘his majesty’s streets.’ ‘You lie, you  
 ‘scoundrels,’ said one of their lordships,  
 ‘’tis the prerogative of men of fashion  
 ‘to do what they please, and I’ll prose-  
 ‘cute you for a breach of privilege—  
 ‘D—mn you, my lord, I’ll hold you  
 ‘fifty pound, that old prig there, in  
 ‘the great coat, is a cuckold, and he  
 ‘shall be judge himself.—How many  
 ‘eyes has your wife got, old fellow?  
 ‘one or two?’ ‘Well, well,’ said the  
 watchman, ‘your honours may abuse  
 ‘us as much as you please; but we  
 ‘know we are doing our duty, and we  
 ‘will perform it in the king’s name.’  
 ‘Your duty, you rascal,’ cried one of  
 these men of honour, ‘is immediately  
 ‘to fetch us a girl, and a dozen of  
 ‘champaigne; if you’ll perform that,  
 ‘I’ll say you are as honest an old son of  
 ‘a whore, as ever lay with an oyster-  
 ‘woman.



‘ woman. My dear *Fanny*! if I had but  
 ‘ you here, and a dozen of *Ryan’s* cla-  
 ‘ ret, I should esteem this round-house  
 ‘ a palace—Curse me, if I don’t love to  
 ‘ sleep in a round-house sometimes; it  
 ‘ gives a variety to life, and relieves  
 ‘ one from the insipidness of a soft bed.’  
 ‘ Well-said, my hero,’ answered his  
 companion, ‘ and these old scoundrels  
 ‘ shall carry us before my lord-mayor  
 ‘ to-morrow, for the humour of the  
 ‘ thing. Pox take him, I buy all my  
 ‘ tallow-candles of his lordship, and  
 ‘ therefore I am sure he’ll use me like a  
 ‘ man of honour.’

In such kind of rhodomontade did  
 these illustrious persons consume their  
 night, and principally in laying wagers,  
 which at present is the highest article of  
 modern pleasure; every particular of  
 human life being reduced by the great  
 calculators of chances to the condition  
 of a bet. But nothing is esteemed a  
 more laudable topic of *wagering*, than  
 the lives of eminent men; which, in the  
 elegant language of *Newmarket*, is called  
*running lives*; that is to say, a bishop  
 against an alderman, a judge against a  
 keeper of a tavern, a member of parlia-  
 ment

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 121

ment against a famous boxer; and in this manner all people's lives are wagered out, with proper allowances for their ages, infirmities, and distempers. Happy the nation that can produce such ingenious, accomplished spirits!

THESE two honourable peers had been spending their evening at a tavern, with many others, and when the rational particle was thoroughly drowned in claret, one of the company leaping from his chair, cried out, 'who will do any thing?' upon which, a resolution was immediately taken, to make a sally into the streets, and drink champagne upon the horse at *Charing-Cross*. This was no sooner projected than executed, and they performed a great number of heroical exploits, too long to be mentioned in this work, but we hope some future historian will arise to immortalize them for the sake of posterity. After this was over, they resolved to scour the streets, and perceiving a light in a cellar underground, our two heroes magnanimously descended into that subterranean cave, in quest of adventures. There they found some hackney-coachmen enjoying them-

G . selves

selves with porter and tobacco, whom they immediately attacked, and offered to box the two sturdiest champions of the company. The challenge was accepted in a moment, and whilst our heroes were engaged, the rest of the coachmen chose to make off with their cloaths, which they thought no inconsiderable booty. In short, these gentlemen of pleasure and high-life were heartily drubbed, and obliged to retreat with shame from the *cellar of battle*, leaving their cloaths behind them, as spoils, at the mercy of the enemy. Soon afterwards, they were taken by the watch, being too feeble to make resistance, and conducted to the round-house; where they spent their night in the manner already described. The next morning, they returned home in chairs, new-dressed themselves, and then took their seats in parliament, to enact laws for the good of their Country.

C H A P.

CHAP. XV.

*Our hero falls into great misfortunes.*

WHEN the watchman had discharged himself in the morning of these honourable prisoners, he next bethought himself of poor *Pompey*, who had fallen into his hands in a more inoffensive manner. Him he presented that day to a blind beggar of his acquaintance, who had lately lost his dog, and wanted a new guide to conduct him about the streets. Here our hero fell into the most desponding meditations. ‘And was this misery,’ thought he, ‘reserved in store to compleat the series of my misfortunes? Am I destined to lead about the dark footsteps of a blind, decrepit, unworthy beggar? Must I go daggled thro’ the streets, with a rope about my neck, linking me to a wretch that is the scorn of human nature? O that a rope were fixed about my neck indeed for a nobler purpose, and that I were here to end a dreadful, tormenting existence! Can I bear to hear the sound of, *pray remember the poor blind beggar?* I, who have con-



‘ versed with lords and ladies; who  
 ‘ have slept in the arms of the fairest  
 ‘ beauties, and lived on the choicest dainties that *London* could afford. Cruel,  
 ‘ cruel fortune! when will thy persecutions cease?’

YET to say the truth, his condition was not so deplorable upon trial, as it appeared in prospect; for tho’ he was condemned to travel thro’ dirty streets all day long in quest of charity, at night both he and his master fared sumptuously enough on their gains; and many a lean projector or starving poet might envy the suppers of this blind beggar. He seldom failed to collect four or five shillings in a day, and used to sit down to his hot meals with as much stateliness as a peer could to a regular entertainment and dessert.

I HAVE heard a story of a cripple, who used constantly to apply for alms at *Hyde-Park-Corner*; where a gentleman, then just recovered from a dangerous fit of sickness, never failed to give him sixpence every morning, as he passed by in his chariot for the air. A servant of this gentleman’s going by chance one day

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day into an alehouse, discovered the self-same beggar sitting down to a breast of veal with some more of the fraternity, and heard him raving at the landlord, because the bur was gone, and there was no lemon ready to squeeze over it; all of them threatening to leave the house, if their dinners were not served up with more regularity and respect. The footman informed his master of this extraordinary circumstance; and next morning when the pampered hypocrite applied for alms as usual, the gentleman put his head out of the chariot, and told him with great indignation, 'No, sir, I can eat veal without lemon.'

AFTER our hero had lived in this condition some months in *London*, his blind master set out for *Bath*, whither, it seems, he always resorted in the public seasons; not for the sake of playing at *Eo*, it may be imagined, nor yet for the pleasure of being taken out by the accomplished Mr. *Nash* to dance a minuet at a ball; but with the hopes of a plentiful harvest among infirm people, whom ill health disposes to charity. The science of begging is reduced to certain principles of art, as well as all other professions;

sions ; and as sickness is apt to influence people with compassion, the objects of charity flock thither in great numbers ; for wherever the carrion is, there will the crows be also.

THE many adventures that befel them on their journey ; how terribly our hero was fatigued with travelling thro' miry highways, who had been used to ride in coaches and six ; and how often he wished his blind tyrant would drop dead with an apoplexy, shall all be left to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to say, that in about three weeks or a month's time, they arrived at the end of their journey, and the beggar readily groped out his way to a certain alehouse, which he always favoured with his company ; where the landlord received him with great respect, professing much satisfaction to find *his honour* so well in health. By this the reader will perceive that he was a beggar of some distinction.

IF our hero made any reflexion, he could not help being surprized at such civility, paid to such a person in such a place ; but how much greater reason had he for astonishment, when on the evening

ing of their arrival, he saw a well-drest woman enter the room, and accost his master in the following terms, ' Papa, ' how do you do? you are welcome to ' *Bath*.' The beggar no sooner heard her voice, than he started from his chair, and gave her a paternal kiss; which the fair lady received with an air of scorn and indifference, telling him, ' he had ' poisoned her with his bushy beard.' When this ceremony was over, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and began to harangue in the following manner——

' Well, papa, so you are come to *Bath*. ' at last; I thought we should not have ' seen you this season, and I have im- ' mediate necessity for a sum of money. ' Sure no mortal ever had such luck at ' cards, as I have had. You must let ' me have five or ten pound directly.' ' Five or ten pound!' cries the beggar in amaze; ' how in the devil's name ' should I come by five or ten pound?' ' Come, come, no words,' cried the daughter, ' for I absolutely must and ' will have it in spite of your teeth. I ' know you are worth above a hundred ' pounds, and what can you do with ' your money better, than give it me ' to make a figure in life with? Deuce



‘ take the men, they are grown so  
 ‘ plaguy modest, or so plaguy stingy,  
 ‘ that really ’tis hardly worth coming to  
 ‘ *Bath* now in the seasons. Hang me if  
 ‘ I have had a cull this twelve-month—  
 ‘ but do you know, old dad, that bro-  
 ‘ ther *Jack*’s at the *Bath*?’

‘ OH!’ cries the beggar, ‘ there’s  
 ‘ another of my plagues—I shall have  
 ‘ him dunning me for money too very  
 ‘ soon I suppose, for the devil can’t  
 ‘ answer the extravagancies of that fel-  
 ‘ low. Well, he’ll certainly come to  
 ‘ be hanged at last, that’s my comfort,  
 ‘ and I think the sooner he swings, the  
 ‘ better it will be for his poor father,  
 ‘ and the whole kingdom.’

‘ HANGED!’ replied the lady; ‘ no;  
 ‘ no, *Jack* is in no danger of hanging at  
 ‘ present, I assure you; he is now the  
 ‘ most accomplished, modish, admired  
 ‘ young fellow at the *Bath*; the pecu-  
 ‘ liar favourite of all the ladies; and in  
 ‘ a fair way of running off with a young  
 ‘ heiress of considerable fortune. Let  
 ‘ me see, old dad—If you’ll bespeak a  
 ‘ private room, and have a little elegant  
 ‘ supper ready at eleven o’clock to mor-  
 ‘ row.

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‘ row night (for *Jack* won’t be able to  
 ‘ get away from the rooms sooner than  
 ‘ eleven) I’ll bring him to sup with you,  
 ‘ and you shall hear his history from his  
 ‘ own mouth.’ To this the old hypo-  
 crite her father readily consented, and  
 promised to provide something decent  
 for them; after which, starting from her  
 chair, ‘ well, papa,’ said she, ‘ you must  
 ‘ excuse me at present, for I expect com-  
 ‘ pany at my lodgings, and so can’t af-  
 ‘ ford to waste any more time with you  
 ‘ in this miserable dog-hole of an ale-  
 ‘ house.’ Having made this polite apo-  
 logy, she flew to her chair, which waited  
 at the door, and was conducted home  
 with as much importance, as if she had  
 been a princess of the blood.

THE next day, the blind impostor,  
 attended by our hero, went out on his  
 pilgrimage, and continued whining for  
 charity, and profaning the name of G—d  
 till night; after which, he returned to  
 his ale-house, put on a better coat, and  
 got himself in readiness for the reception  
 of his son and daughter. At the hour  
 appointed, these illustrious personages  
 entered the room, and the conversation  
 was opened by the son in the following

G 5

easy

easy strain. ‘Old boy!’ (cries he, seizing his father by the hand) ‘I am glad to see thee with all my heart. Well, old fellow, how does your crutch and blind eyes do? what, you continue still in the old canting hypocritical way, I perceive—Pox take you, I saw you hobbling through the streets to-day, old miserable, but you know I am ashamed to take notice of you in public—tho’ I think I have thrown you down many a tetter at the corner of a street, without your knowing whom you was obliged to for such a piece of generosity.’

‘SIR, I honour your generosity,’ replied the beggar; but, prythee *Jack*, they tell me you are going to be married to an heiress of great fortune, is there any truth in the story?’

HERE the beau-sharper took a *French* snuff-box out of his pocket, and having entertained his nose with a pinch of rappee, replied as follows. ‘Yes, sir, my unaccountable somewhat has had the good luck to make conquest of a little amorous tit, with an easy moderate fortune of about fifteen thousand pounds,

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 131

‘ pounds, who does me the honour to  
 ‘ doat on this person of mine to distrac-  
 ‘ tion. But prythee, old blue-beard,  
 ‘ how didst thou come by this piece of  
 ‘ intelligence?’ ‘ From that fine lady  
 ‘ your sister, sir,’ replied the beggar.  
 ‘ O pox! I thought so,’ cries the beau.  
 ‘ —*Bess* can never keep any thing in  
 ‘ her but her teeth, nor them neither,  
 ‘ can you *Bess*? you understand me—  
 ‘ but as I was saying, concerning this  
 ‘ match; yes, sir, I have the honour at  
 ‘ present to be principal favourite of all  
 ‘ the women at *Bath*; they are all dying  
 ‘ with love of me, and I may do what I  
 ‘ please with any of them; but I, sir,  
 ‘ neglecting the rest, have singled out a  
 ‘ little amorous wanton, with a trifling  
 ‘ fortune of fifteen or twenty thousand  
 ‘ pounds only, whom I shall very soon  
 ‘ whip into a chariot, I believe, and  
 ‘ drive away to a parson.’

‘ LORD!’ cries the father, if she did  
 ‘ but know what a thief she is going to  
 ‘ marry!’

‘ WHY, what then? you old cur-  
 ‘ mudgeon! she would be the more ex-  
 ‘ travagantly fond of me on that ac-



‘count. ’Tis very fashionable, fir, for  
 ‘ladies to fall in love with highwaymen  
 ‘now-a-days. They think it discovers  
 ‘a soul, a genius, a spirit in them,  
 ‘above the little prejudices of educa-  
 ‘tion; and I believe I could not do  
 ‘better than let her know that I have  
 ‘returned from transportation. — But  
 ‘prythee, old dim, what hast got for  
 ‘supper to night?’ ‘Nothing I am  
 ‘afraid that a gentleman of your fashion  
 ‘can condescend to eat,’ replied the  
 ‘beggar; ‘for I have only ordered a  
 ‘dish of veal cutlets, and a couple of  
 ‘roasted fowls.’ ‘Come, come, pry-  
 ‘thee don’t pretend to droll, old blink-  
 ‘er!’ cries the son, ‘but produce your  
 ‘musty supper as fast as you can, and  
 ‘then I’ll treat you with a bottle of  
 ‘*French* claret. I Come, let us be merry,  
 ‘and set in for a jovial evening. Pox! I  
 ‘have some little kind of sneaking regard  
 ‘for thee, for begetting me, notwith-  
 ‘standing your crutch and blind eyes,  
 ‘and I think I am not altogether sorry  
 ‘to see thee.—Here, drawer, landlord,  
 ‘bring up supper directly, you dog, or  
 ‘I’ll set fire to your house.’

THE

THIS extraordinary summons had the desired effect, and supper being placed on the table, the three worthy guests sat down to it with great importance. The lady took upon her to manage the ceremonies, and asked her papa in the first place, if she should help him to some veal cutlets? to which the answer was, 'if you please, madam!' when she had served her father, she then performed the same office to herself; after which, twirling the dish round with a familiar air, 'I'll leave you,' said she, 'to take care of yourself, *Jack!*' much mirth and pleasantry reigned at this peculiar meal, to the utter astonishment of the master of the house, who had never seen the like before. When supper was over, and they began to feel the inspiration of the claret, '*Jack!*' says the father, 'I think I know nothing of your history, since you returned from transportation—Suppose you should begin and entertain us with an account of your exploits.' 'With all my heart,' cries the son; 'I believe I shall publish my life one of these days, if ever I am driven to necessity, for I fancy it will make a very pretty  
' neat

‘ neat *duodecimo*; and ’tis the fashion,  
 ‘ you know, now-a-days for all whores  
 ‘ and rogues to entertain the world with  
 ‘ their memoirs.—Come, let us take  
 ‘ another glass round to the health of  
 ‘ my dear little charmer, and then I’ll  
 ‘ begin my-adventures.’ Having so said,  
 he filled out three bumpers, drank his  
 toast on his knees, and then commenced  
 his narration in the following manner.

## C H A P. XVI.

*The history of a highwayman.*

‘ **I** THINK you have often told me, old  
 ‘ father hypocrite, that you begat  
 ‘ me under a hedge near *Newberry* in  
 ‘ *Berkshire*. This, I confess, is not the  
 ‘ most honourable way of coming into  
 ‘ the world, but no man is answerable  
 ‘ for his birth, and therefore what sig-  
 ‘ nifies prevarication? *Alexander* I have  
 ‘ heard was the son of a flying dragon,  
 ‘ and *Romulus* was suckled by a plaguy  
 ‘ confounded wolf, as I have read in  
 ‘ *Hooke’s Roman* history, and yet in  
 ‘ time he grew to be a very pretty  
 ‘ young fellow, and a king—but you  
 ‘ are ignorant of these matters, both of  
 ‘ you,

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‘ you, and therefore I only play the  
‘ fool to talk about them in such com-  
‘ pany.

‘ WELL, sir, as soon as I was born,  
‘ my mother, I suppose, wrapped me  
‘ up in the dirty rags of an old rotten  
‘ petticoat, and hugged me about be-  
‘ hind her shoulders, as an object to  
‘ move compassion. In this agreeable  
‘ situation, nuzzling behind the back  
‘ of a lousy drab—excuse me, old fel-  
‘ low, for making so free with your  
‘ comfort—in this situation, I suppose, I  
‘ visited all the towns in *England*, and  
‘ ’tis amazing I was not crippled with  
‘ having my feet and limbs bundled up in  
‘ such close confinement. But I kicked  
‘ hard for liberty, and at length came  
‘ out that easy, *degagé*, jaunty young fel-  
‘ low of fashion, which you now be-  
‘ hold me.

‘ My genius very early began to shew  
‘ itself, and before I was twelve years  
‘ old, you know I had acquired a great  
‘ reputation for slight of hand: which  
‘ being reported to a great master of  
‘ that science, he immediately took me  
‘ under his care, and promised to initi-  
‘ ate



ate me into all the mysteries of the art. Thus I bade adieu to the dirty employment of begging, left father and mother, and struck into a higher sphere in life.

At first indeed I meddled only with petty larceny, and was sent out to try my hand on execution-days at *Tyburn*; where having acquitted myself with honour, I was quickly promoted to better business, and by that time I was fifteen, began to make a great figure in the passages about the theatres. Many a gentleman's fob have I eased of the trouble of carrying a watch; and tho' it may look like vanity to say so, I believe I furnished more brokers shops and pedlars boxes, than half the pick-pockets in *London* besides. - None of them all had so great a levee of travelling *Jews* to traffick for buckles, seals, watches, tweezer-cases, and the like, as I had. But my chief dexterity was in robbing the ladies—there is a particular art, a peculiar delicacy required in whipping one's hand up a lady's petticoats, and carrying off her pockets, which few of them ever attain to with any success.

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‘ success. That now was my glory—  
‘ that was my delight—I performed it  
‘ to admiration, and out-did them all  
‘ in this branch of the craft.

‘ I REMEMBER once a chambermaid of  
‘ my acquaintance, a flame of mine, gave  
‘ me notice that her young lady would  
‘ be at the play such a night, with a  
‘ pair of diamond buckles in her shoes:  
‘ You may be sure I watched her into  
‘ her coach, marked her into her box,  
‘ and waited for her coming out, with  
‘ some more of the fraternity to assist  
‘ me. At last, as soon as the play was  
‘ over, out she came tittering and laugh-  
‘ ing with her companions, who by  
‘ good luck happened to be all of her  
‘ own sex. This now was my time; I  
‘ had her up in my arms in a moment,  
‘ while one of my comrades whipped  
‘ off her shoes with prodigious expe-  
‘ dition: but my reason for telling the  
‘ story is this—while I had her in my  
‘ arms, let me die if I could help giving  
‘ her a kiss, which hang me, if the lit-  
‘ tle trembler did not seem to return;  
‘ with her heart panting, and breasts  
‘ heaving—Deuce take me, if I was  
‘ not almost sorry afterwards to see her  
‘ walking;

‘ walking to her coach, without any  
‘ shoes upon her feet.

‘ WELL, sir, this was my course of  
‘ life for a few years. But ambition,  
‘ you know, is a thing never to be  
‘ satisfied, and having gained all the  
‘ glory I could in this way, my next  
‘ step of promotion was to the gaming-  
‘ tables. Here I played with great suc-  
‘ cess a long while, and shared in the  
‘ fleecing many raw young cullies, who  
‘ had more money than wit. But one  
‘ unfortunate night, the devil or my  
‘ evil genius carried me to a masque-  
‘ rade, and there in the ill-omen’d habit  
‘ of a fryer, being fool enough to play  
‘ upon an honourable footing, I lost all  
‘ I had to a few shillings. This was a  
‘ confounded stroke, this was a stunning  
‘ blow to me—I lay a-bed all the next  
‘ day, raving at my ill-fortune, and  
‘ beating my brains, to think I could  
‘ be such an ass as to play upon the  
‘ square. At last in a fit of despair, I  
‘ started out of bed about nine or ten  
‘ o’clock at night, borrowed a friend’s  
‘ horse, bought a second-hand pair of  
‘ poppers, with the little silver that was  
‘ left me, and away I rode full gallop,  
‘ night

' night and rainy as it was, for *Houn-*  
 ' *slow Heath*. There I wandered about  
 ' half-dead with cold and fear till morn-  
 ' ing, and to say the truth, began to  
 ' grow devilish sick of my business.  
 ' When day broke, the first object that  
 ' presented itself to my eyes, I remem-  
 ' ber, was a gallows within a hundred  
 ' yards of me; this seemed plaguy omi-  
 ' nous, and I was very near riding back  
 ' to *London* without striking a stroke.  
 ' At last, while I was wavering in this  
 ' state of uncertainty, behold, a stage-  
 ' coach comes gently, softly ambling  
 ' over the *Heath*. Courage, my heart,  
 ' cries I, there can be no fear of resi-  
 ' stance here; a stage-coach is the most  
 ' lucky thing in the world for a young  
 ' adventurer; and so saying, I clapt on  
 ' my mask, (the same I had worn the  
 ' night before at the *Hay-Market*) set  
 ' spurs to my horse, and presented my  
 ' pistol at the coach-window. How the  
 ' passengers behaved, I know not. For  
 ' my own part, I was more than half  
 ' blind with fear, and taking what they  
 ' gave me without any expostulation,  
 ' away I rode, exceedingly well satisfied  
 ' to have escaped without resistance.  
 ' Taking courage however at this suc-  
 ' cess,



cess, I attacked another stage-coach  
with greater bravery, and afterwards a  
third with so much magnanimity, that  
I even ventured to search some of the  
passengers, who I thought defrauded  
me of my due. Here now I should  
have left off, and all had been well—  
but that devil avarice prompting me  
to get a little more, I attacked a single  
horseman, and plundered him of a  
watch and about thirty guineas. The  
scoundrel seemed to pursue his journey  
quietly enough, but meeting after-  
wards with some of his friends on the  
road, and relating his case to them,  
they all agreed to pursue me. Mean-  
while, sir, I was jogging on content-  
edly at my ease, when turning round  
on a sudden, I saw this tremendous  
grazier, and two or three more bloody-  
minded fellows, that seemed each as  
big as a giant, in full pursuit of me.  
Away I dashed thro' thick and thin,  
as if the devil drove; but being  
wretchedly mounted, I was surround-  
ed, apprehended, carried before that  
infernal Sir *Thomas Deveil*, and he com-  
mitted me.

Now

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‘ Now I was in a sweet condition.  
‘ This was a charming revolution in  
‘ my life. *Newgate* and the prospect of  
‘ a gallows, furnish a man with very  
‘ agreeable reflexions. O that cursed  
‘ *Old-Baily!* I shall never forget the  
‘ sentence which the hum-drum son of  
‘ a whore of a judge passed upon me—  
‘ *You shall hang till you are dead, dead,*  
‘ *dead*—faith I was more than half-dead  
‘ with hearing it, and in that plight I  
‘ was dragged back to my prison.

‘ EXCELLENT lodging in the condem-  
‘ ned hole!——pretty music the death  
‘ warrant rings in a man’s ears!——  
‘ but as good luck would have it, while  
‘ I was expecting every hour to be  
‘ tucked up, his majesty (G—d bless  
‘ him) took pity on me the very day  
‘ before execution, and sent me a re-  
‘ prieve for transportation. To describe  
‘ the transport I felt at this moment,  
‘ would be impossible; I was half-mad  
‘ with joy, and instead of reflecting that  
‘ I was going to slavery, fancied myself  
‘ going to heaven. The being shipped  
‘ off for *Jamaica* was so much better a  
‘ voyage, I thought, than ferrying over  
‘ that

‘ that same river *Styx* with old gaffar  
‘ *Charon*, that I never once troubled  
‘ myself about what I was to suffer,  
‘ when I got thither.

‘ Not to be tedious, (for I hate a  
‘ long story) to *Jamaica* I went, with a  
‘ full resolution of making my escape  
‘ by the first opportunity, which I very  
‘ soon accomplished. After leading the  
‘ life of a dog for about a year and a  
‘ half, I got on board a ship which was  
‘ coming for *England*, and arrived safe  
‘ and found on the coast of *Cornwal*.  
‘ My dear native country! how it re-  
‘ vived my heart to see thee again? O  
‘ *London, London!* no woman of quality,  
‘ after suffering the vapours for a whole  
‘ summer in the country, ever sighed  
‘ after thee with greater desire than I  
‘ did. But as I landed without a far-  
‘ thing of money in my pocket, I was  
‘ obliged to beg my way up to town in  
‘ the habit of a sailor, telling all the  
‘ way the confoundedst lies—how I had  
‘ been taken by pirates, and fought  
‘ with the *Moors*, who were going to  
‘ eat me alive, and twenty other unac-  
‘ countable stories, to chouse silly wo-  
‘ men of a few half-pence.

‘ WELL,

' WELL, at last I entered the dear old  
 ' metropolis, and went immediately in  
 ' quest of a gang of sharpers, which  
 ' I formerly frequented. These jovial  
 ' blades were just then setting out for  
 ' *New-Market* races, and very gene-  
 ' rously took me into their party. They  
 ' supplied me with cloaths, lent me a  
 ' little money to begin with, and in  
 ' short set me up again in the world.  
 ' There is nothing like courage—'tis  
 ' the life, the soul of business—Ac-  
 ' cordingly on the very first day's sport,  
 ' having marked out the horse that I  
 ' saw was the favourite of the knowing-  
 ' ones, I offered great odds, made as  
 ' many bets as I could, and trusted my-  
 ' self to fortune; resolving to scamper  
 ' off the course as hard as I could drive,  
 ' if I saw her likely to declare against  
 ' me. But as it happened to make  
 ' amends for her former ill-usage, the  
 ' jade now decided in my favour; 'twas  
 ' quite a *hollow thing*; *Goliath* won the  
 ' day, and I pocketed up about three-  
 ' score guineas. Of this I made excel-  
 ' lent use at the gaming-tables, and in  
 ' short when the week was over, carried  
 ' away from *New-Market* a cool three  
 ' hundred.



hundred. Now, my dear *Bess*, I was  
 a man again; I returned immediately  
 to *London*, equipped myself with lace-  
 cloaths, rattled down to *Bath* in a  
 post-chaise, gave myself out for the  
 eldest son of *Sir Jeremy Griskin* of the  
 kingdom of *Ireland*, and struck at once  
 into all the joys of high-life. This is a  
 little epitome of my history—Having  
 been a pick-pocket, a sharper, a slave,  
 and a highwayman, I am now the pecu-  
 liar favourite of all the ladies at *Bath*.

HERE the beau finished his story,  
 and sat expecting the applauses of his  
 company, which he very soon received  
 on the part of his sister: but as to that  
 worthy gentleman his father, he had  
 been fast asleep for several minutes, and  
 did not hear the conclusion of this won-  
 derful history. Being now waked by  
 silence, and the cessation of his son's  
 voice, as he had been before lulled to  
 sleep by his talking, he cried out from  
 the midst of a doze——' So, she's a  
 very fine girl, is she, *Jack*?—a very  
 fine girl?'

'WHO is a very fine girl?' cries the  
 sharper, flapping him over the shoulder;  
 why,

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‘ why, zounds thou art asleep, old miserable, and dost not know a syllable of what has been said.’

‘ Yes, sir, I do know what has been said,’ returned the father, ‘ and therefore you need not beat one so, *Jack*! —You was telling about going to be married—and going to *Jamaica*.’

‘ GOING to *Jamaica*! pox take thee, thou wantest to be going to bed. Why was there ever such a wretched old dotard? I have not seen thee these seven or eight years, and perhaps may never see thee again, for thou’lt be rotten in a year or two more, and yet canst not put a little life into thyself for one evening. Come *Bess*,’ added he, ‘ let us take another bumper, ‘ and then bid old drowsy good night——*Silenus* will snore, do what one can to prevent him. Here my girl! here’s prosperity to love, and may all sleepers go to the devil.’

‘ NAY, nay,’ cries the father; ‘ consider *Jack*, ’tis past my bed-time many hours ago. You fine gentlemen of the world are able to bear these fashionable  
H ‘ hours,

‘ hours, but I have been used to live by  
‘ the light of the sun. Besides, if you  
‘ had been drudging about after charity,  
‘ as I have all day long, I fancy you  
‘ would not be in a much better condi-  
‘ tion than your poor father; but really  
‘ you sharpers don’t consider the toil and  
‘ trouble of earning one’s bread in an  
‘ honest way. Why now I have not  
‘ gathered above six or seven shillings  
‘ this whole day, and that won’t half pay  
‘ for our supper to night.’

HERE the beau bestowed several curses  
on him for his stinginess, and contemp-  
tuously bidding him hoard up his mise-  
rable pelf, generously undertook to pay  
the whole. The bill was then called for,  
the reckoning discharged, and the com-  
pany separated, having first however  
made an agreement to meet there the suc-  
ceeding evening. And thus ended this  
illustrious comotation.

## C H A P.

## C H A P. XVII.

*Adventures at the Bath.*

**N**EXT morning the blind beggar, conducted by our hero, went out as usual, and presented himself before the beau-monde on the parade. Some few people, afflicted with very ill health, were generous enough to throw him down a few sixpences; others only commended the beauty of his pretty dog; and far the greater number walked on without casting their eyes upon him.

As he was here howling forth the miseries of his condition in a most lamentable tone of voice, who should happen to pass by but his own accomplished son, in company with two ladies of figure, to whom he was talking with the greatest familiarity and ease? The gaiety of his laugh, the vivacity of his conversation, made him universally observed, and all the women on the parade seemed to envy the happiness of the two ladies with whom he was engaged.



As the party came very near the place, where the old hypocrite was stationed, he could not escape their notice; and the youngest of the ladies being struck with compassion at the sight of him, ‘bless me,’ says she, ‘I am sure that poor old man is an object of charity. Do stay a moment, lady *Marmazet*, I am resolved to give him something.’ Pshaw, my dear! come along, child,’ cries her ladyship; ‘how can you be so ridiculous, miss *Newcome*? who gives any money to charity now a-days?’ ‘True, madam, your ladyship is perfectly in the right,’ replied the beau, (who now discovered his own father) ‘nothing can be more idle, I think, than throwing one’s money away upon a set of thievish tatterdemallion wretches, who are the burthen of the nation, and ought to be exterminated from the face of the earth.’ ‘Well, well, you may say what you please, both of you,’ says miss *Newcome*, ‘but I am resolved to be generous this morning, and therefore it does not signify laughing at me. Here, master, gaffar——, here’s six-pence for you.’

ALL

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 149

ALL this while Mr. *Griskin* was in extreme pain, for tho' he had no reason to fear any discovery, yet the consciousness that this deplorable object was his own father, hurt the gentleman's pride in the presence of his mistress, and greatly checked his vivacity. He endeavoured therefore all he could to hurry the young lady away from so unpleasant a scene; in which he was seconded by lady *Marmazet*, who kept crying out; 'How can you be so monstrously preposterous, miss *Newcome*? come along girl! as I hope to be saved I am ashamed of you—we shall have all the eyes of the company upon us in a few minutes.' 'I don't care a farthing for company,' replied the young lady; 'I am resolved to ask the old man some questions, and therefore hold your tongue—What? are you quite blind, gaffar?'

By this time 'squire *Griskin* was recovered from his first surprize, and perceiving no bad consequences likely to happen, thought he might venture to shine a little upon the occasion. 'Sir-rah,' cries he, 'you miserable old  
H 3 ' dog!

‘ dog ! what do you mean by shocking  
‘ people of quality here with a sight of  
‘ your detestable physiognomy ? whence  
‘ do you come ? what do you do out of  
‘ your own parish ? I’ll have you whipt  
‘ from constable to constable back to your  
‘ own settlement.’

‘ No, please your noble honour,’ cries  
the beggar, ‘ I hope your noble honour  
‘ won’t be so cruel to a poor blind man  
‘ —a poor blind man, struck blind with  
‘ lightning. Heaven preserve your ho-  
‘ nour from such calamities ! I have  
‘ very good friends down in *Cumberland*,  
‘ please your royal worship, and I am  
‘ travelling homeward as fast as I can,  
‘ but it pleased heaven to strike me blind  
‘ with a flash of lightning a long way  
‘ from my relations, and I am reduced to  
‘ beg for a little sustenance.’

‘ MERCY upon me !’ cries miss *New-*  
*come*——‘ why, what a vast way the  
‘ miserable wretch has to travel, Mr.  
‘ *Griskin* ? how will he ever be able to  
‘ get home ?’

‘ OH, curse him, all a confounded  
‘ lie from beginning to end, depend  
‘ upon’t,

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 151

‘ upon’t, madam ! the dog has no relations or friends in the world, I’ll answer for him,’ cries the beau. Then turning to his father, ‘ here you old rascal,’ added he, ‘ here’s a shilling for you, and do you hear me, take yourself off this moment—If ever I see you upon the parade again, I’ll have you laid by the heels, and sent to the house of correction.’ The blind wretch then hobbled away, pouring forth a thousand benedictions upon them, while lady *Marmazet* and the sharper rallied miss *Newcome* for her unfashionable generosity.

LEAVING the reader to make his own remarks on this extraordinary occurrence ; I shall pass over the intermediate space of time, in which nothing happened material to this history, and rejoin the three illustrious guests at their ale-house in the evening. The lady was the first that came, to whom her father related the adventure of the morning, which greatly delighted her : While she was laughing at this story, that sprightly knight her brother also came singing into the room, and throwing himself negligently into a chair, picked his teeth



for a moment or two in silence. Then addressing himself to his father, ‘ old fellow,’ cries he, ‘ I was obliged to use you a little roughly this morning, but you’ll excuse me——There was a necessity you know of treating you like a scoundrel and an impostor, to prevent any suspicion of our relationship.’ ‘ Well, well *Jack!*’ replied the father, ‘ I forgive you, I forgive you with all my heart; for I suppose one of the ladies was your sweet-heart, and to be sure ’twas as well not to let her know you was my son, for fear of the worst that might happen, tho’f you tell me women are so fond of marrying highwaymen now-a-days. Adad *Jack!* I wished for my eyes again, just to have had one little peep at her—what, is she a deadly fine girl?’

‘ A DIVINE creature, sir,’ replied the beau; ‘ young, melting, amorous and beautiful; innocent as an angel, and yet wanton as the month of *May*; and then—she doats on me to distraction. Did you mind how tenderly the little fool interested herself about your blind eyes,

‘ eyes, and pitied you for the confounded  
‘ lies you told her ?’

‘ WHY yes, there was something very  
‘ pretty I must confess,’ said the father,  
‘ very pretty indeed, in her manner of  
‘ talking. How the deuce do you get ac-  
‘ quainted with these great ladies ?’

‘ O LET me alone for that,’ returned  
Mr. *Griskin* ; I am made for the women,  
‘ sir ! I have the *toujours gay*, which is  
‘ so dear to them ; I am blest with that  
‘ agreeable impudence, that easy fami-  
‘ liar way of talking nonsense, that happy  
‘ insensibility of shame, which they all  
‘ adore in men. And then, consider my  
‘ figure, my shape, my air, my legs—  
‘ all together, I find I am irresistible.  
‘ How in the name of wonder, old fel-  
‘ low, could you and your trull strike  
‘ out such a lucky hit under a country  
‘ hedge ?’

HERE the fair lady was in raptures at  
her brother’s wit, and asked her father,  
if he did not think him a most delight-  
ful, charming young fellow ? to which  
the beggar replied with a groan, ‘ O

‘ *Jack, Jack!* thou wilt certainly come  
 ‘ to be hanged in the end; I see it as  
 ‘ plain as can be; so much wit and im-  
 ‘ pudence will certainly bring thee to the  
 ‘ gallows at last.’

MUCH more of this sort of ribaldry and licentious conversation passed between them; and as the father was more wakeful this night, than he had been the preceding one, they protracted their cups till very late: they roared, they sung, they danced, and practised all sorts of unruly, drunken mirth. At last however, they separated once more to their several beds, and fate had destined that they should never meet again in joy and friendship, at this or any other ale-house; the cause whereof will be seen in the following chapter.

### C H A P. XVIII.

#### *More adventures at Bath.*

THE father of young *Jeremy Griskin* was so pleased with the advantageous match his son was concluding, that in the joy of his heart, he could not help  
 talking

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 155

talking of it to the alehouse-keeper where he lodged; tho' he had imprecated a thousand curses on his head, if ever he revealed it. The alehouse-keeper likewise had bound himself by an equal number of oaths, never to discover what he heard from the beggar; and perhaps at the time he made these vows, he meant to observe them: but being once in possession of a secret, he found it impossible to be long easy with so troublesome a guest in his bosom. With a very mysterious face therefore he whispered to several coachmen and footmen, who frequented his house, that a very fine gentleman and lady came privately every night to visit an old blind beggar, who lodged with him; that these fine folks, by what he could learn, were the beggar's son and daughter; and that the fine gentleman lived amongst the quality, and was going to run away with a great fortune.

THE story having made this progress, could not fail of proceeding farther; for being once communicated to the servants of several families, it was quickly served up to the tables of the great. The valets informed their masters, and the



the waiting gentlewomen their mistresses, as a new topic of conversation while they were dressing them.

FROM hence the rumour became public, and dispersed itself all over the *Bath*; so that the very next morning after the last rendezvous at the alehouse, when 'squire *Griskin* appeared with lady *Marmazet* and miss *Newcome* as usual in the pump-room, they found themselves stared on with more than common attention by all the company. Several gentlemen laughed aloud as they passed by them; the young ladies all affected to titter under their fans; and the elder dames tossed up their noses with the most insolent air of disdain. As all this could not be done without a meaning, the two ladies his companions were greatly astonished, and even the beau himself, fortified as he was in impudence, could not stifle some unpleasant apprehensions. He affected however to turn it off with an air of raillery, imputed it to the d—mn'd censoriousness of the *Bath*; and expressed his wonder that people could not be allowed to be free and intimate, without drawing on themselves the scandalous observations of a whole public place.

WHILE

WHILE Mr. *Griskin* was supposed to be a gentleman, the whole tribe of coquettes and beauties looked on miss *Newcome* with eyes of jealousy and indignation, all of them envying her the happiness of engaging so accomplished a lover: but no sooner were they let into the secret of his parentage, than they began to triumph in their turns, and shewed their malice another way. Envy now changed into contempt; a malicious sneer was seen on all their faces, and they huddled together in little parties to feast on so agreeable a discovery. For spite is never so spiteful as among young ladies, who are rivals in love and beauty. ‘Really, madam,’ said one of them, ‘one must be obliged to take care of one’s pockets, because you know if sharpers are allowed to come into public places, and appear like gentlemen, one can never be safe a moment.’ To which another replied, ‘indeed I shall leave my watch at home when I go to the ball to night, for I don’t think it safe to carry any thing valuable about one, while miss *Newcome’s* admirer continues among us.’ Many such speeches were flirited about; for tho’ the story hitherto

hitherto was only a flying suspicion, they were all fully persuaded of its truth, and resolutely bent to believe it, without waiting for any confirmation, and indeed without once troubling themselves to enquire on what authority it was founded.

THE gay sharper manifestly perceived from all this, that some discovery had been made to his disadvantage; but not being willing to resign his hopes till affairs appeared a little more desperate, he very courageously presented himself that evening in the ball-room. He was indeed prudent enough to abstain from minuets, not chusing to encounter the eyes of people in so conspicuous an attitude; but as soon as the company stood up to country-dances, with a face of infinite assurance, he led miss *Newcome* towards the top of the room, and took his station as usual among the foremost files. A buz immediately ran thro' the company, and when they came to dance, most of the ladies refused him their hands. This was a terrible blow to him; he knew not how to revenge the affront, nor yet how to behave under such an interdiction. Lady *Marmazet*,  
who

who saw with what scorn he was treated, very resolutely advanced and reprimanded several of her female acquaintance with much warmth for their behaviour, pretending it was an affront to miss *Newcome*, who came to *Bath* under her protection, and whose cause she was obliged to espouse. In reality, I believe there was another reason which quickened her ladyship's resentment, and made her behold with concern the indignities offered to a man, who had found the way of being agreeable to her ladyship, as well as to the young lady her companion. But however that be, 'tis certain her interfering did him little service; and after a thousand taunts and sneers, the unfortunate couple was obliged to sit down in a corner of the room. They stood up again some time afterwards to make a fresh attempt, which proved as unsuccessful as the former: in short, after repeated disgraces, they were obliged to give over all thoughts of dancing for the remaining part of the night; the poor girl trembling and wondering what could be the reason of all this behaviour; and even the beau himself looking very foolish under the consciousness of his own condition.

As



As it was pretty plain however that his father must have betrayed his secret, the ball no sooner broke up, than he flew with the greatest rage to the ale-house, rushed eagerly into the room, where the miserable wretch was then dozing, and fell upon him with all the bitterness of passion. ‘Where is this ‘old rascal?’ cries he; ‘what is it you ‘mean by this, you detestable miscre- ‘ant? I have a great mind to murder ‘you, and give your carcase to the ‘hounds?’

‘BLESS us! what’s the matter now, ‘Jack?’ said the beggar. ‘Matter!’ returned he; ‘you have been prating, ‘and tattling, and chattering. You ‘have ruined me, you old villain, you ‘have blown me up for ever. Speak, ‘confess that you have discovered my ‘secrets.’

HERE the beggar stammered and endeavoured to excuse himself, but was obliged at last to acknowledge, that he believed he might have mentioned something of the matter to the man of the house. ‘And how durst you mention ‘any

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‘ any thing of the matter?’ cries the son, seizing his father by the throat;  
‘ how durst you open your lips upon  
‘ the subject? I have a great inclination  
‘ to pluck your tongue out, and burn  
‘ it before your face. You have told  
‘ him, I suppose, that I am your son—  
‘ ’tis a lie; you stole me, you kidnaped me, ’tis impossible I could be the  
‘ offspring of such an eyeless, shirtless, toothless raggamuffin as thou art.  
‘ Here I have been insulted by every  
‘ body to-night, I have run the gauntlet thro’ the whole ball-room; all  
‘ my hopes, all my stratagems are destroyed, and all is owing to your infamous prating. But mark what I  
‘ say to you—set out directly, to-night,  
‘ or to-morrow morning before sunrise, and budge off as fast as your legs  
‘ can carry you. If I find you here  
‘ to-morrow at seven o’clock, by hell  
‘ I’ll cut your throat. You have done  
‘ mischief enough already—you shall  
‘ do me no more, and therefore pack  
‘ up your wallet, and away with you,  
‘ or prepare to feed the crows.’ Having uttered this terrible denunciation of vengeance, he rushed out of the room with as much impetuosity as he came into it,  
and

and left the poor offender staring and trembling with amazement.

THE first thing he did after his son had quitted him, was to heave up a prodigious groan, which he accompanied with a moral reflexion on the hard fate of all fathers, who are cursed with rebellious unnatural children. As such usage he thought was sufficient to cancel all paternal affection, he felt in himself a strong desire at first to be revenged, by impeaching, and bringing the villain to justice. But then considering on the other hand, that he could not well do this, without discovering his own hypocrisy and impostures at the same time, he prudently suppressed those thoughts, and resolved to quit the place. 'Twas hard, he said to himself, to obey the orders of such an abandoned profligate, but he comforted himself with the agreeable, and indeed very probable hopes, that he should soon see his son come to the gallows, without his being accessary to such an event.

VERY early then the next morning, he set out with his unfortunate little guide, and made forced marches for  
*London.*

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*London.* Being willing to escape beyond the reach of his son's resentment as soon as possible: he travelled so very fast, that in little more than a week's time he arrived at *Reading*: from whence, after a day's resting, he again renewed his journey. But sorrow and fatigue so entirely overcame him, that he fell sick on the road, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he crawled up to the gate of a celebrated inn, not used to the entertainment of such guests, where he fainted and dropped down in a fit. Two or three ostlers, who were the first that saw him, conveyed him to an apartment in the stable, where he lay for several days in a most miserable condition. His disorder soon rendered him speechless, and being able to ask for nothing, he was supplied with nothing: for tho' the good landlady of the house would gladly have done any thing in the world to relieve him, had she known his condition; her servants, happening not to have the same spirit of humanity in them, never once informed her, that such an object of charity lay sick in her stable. Finding himself thus neglected and destitute of all comfort, he very prudently gave up the ghost, leaving



leaving our hero once more at the disposal of chance.

WHAT future scenes of good or evil are next to open upon him, fate does not yet chuse to divulge, and therefore begging the reader to suspend his curiosity, till we have received a proper commission for gratifying it, we here put an end to this first book of our wonderful history.

### End of the FIRST BOOK.

THE



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
POMPEY *the* LITTLE.

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BOOK II.

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CHAP. I.

*Fortune grows favourable to our hero, and restores him to high-life.*

THE blind beggar, to whose  
T tyranny fortune had committed our hero, groaned out his soul, as the reader has already seen, in a stable at a public inn. Pompey, standing by, had the pleasure of seeing the tyrant fall as he deserved, and exulted over him, like Cicero in the senate-house over the dying Cæsar. This misfortune was first discovered by an  
5 ostler,

ostler, who coming accidentally into the stable, and perceiving the miserable creature stretched out on the straw, began at first to holla in his ear, imagining him to be asleep: but finding him insensible to three or four hearty kicks, which he bestowed upon him, ‘od-  
‘rabbet un,’ cries he, ‘why sure a  
‘can’t be dead, can a? by gar he is—  
‘pillgarlick is certainly dead.’ He then called together two or three of his brethren, to divert themselves with this agreeable spectacle, and many stable jokes passed upon the occasion. When their diversion was over, one of them ran in doors to inform their mistress; but the good woman was not immediately at leisure to hear his intelligence, being taken up in her civilities to a coach-and-six, just then arrived, and very busy in conducting the ladies to their apartments. However, when dinner was over, she bethought herself of what had happened, and went into the stable, attended by two of her chambermaids, to survey the corpse, and give orders for its burial. There little *Pompey*, for the first time, presented himself to her view; but sorrow and ill usage had so impaired his beauty, and his coat too  
was

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 167

was in such a dishabille of dirt and mire, that he bespoke no favourable opinion in his beholders. We must not therefore think Mrs. *Windmill* of a cruel nature, because she ordered him to be hanged, for, in reality, she is a very humane and friendly woman; but perceiving no beauty in the dog to incline her to compassion, and concluding him to be a thief, from the company he was found with, it was natural for her to shew him no mercy. A consultation therefore was held in the yard, and sentence of death pronounced upon him; which had been executed as soon as commanded (for the ostler was instantly preparing a rope with great delight) had not one of the chamber-maids interposed, saying, 'she believed he was a sweet pretty creature, 'if he was washed,' and desired her mistress to save him. A word of this kind was enough to Mrs. *Windmill*, who immediately granted him a reprieve, and ordered him into the kitchen for a turn-spit. But when he had gone thro' the ceremony of lustration, and was thoroughly cleaned, every body was struck with his beauty, and the good landlady in particular; who now changed her resolutions, and, instead of condemning him to the  
drudgery



drudgery of a turn-spit, made him her companion, and taught him to follow her about the house. He soon grew to be a favourite with the whole family, as indeed he always was wherever he came; and the chamber-maids used to quarrel with one another, who should take him to their beds at night. He likewise got acquainted with *Captain*, the great house-dog, who, like *Cerberus*, terrified the regions round-about with his barking: yet would he often condescend to be pleased with the frolicks of little *Pompey*, and vouchsafe now and then to unbend his majesty with a game of play.

AFTER he had lived here near a fortnight, a post-chaise stopt one day at the door, out of which alighted two ladies, just arrived from the *Bath*. They ran directly to the fire, declaring they were almost frozen to death with cold; whereupon Mrs. *Windmill* began to thunder for wood, and assisted in making up an excellent fire: after which, she begged the favour to know what their ladyships would please to have for dinner. ‘If you please, madam,’ said the eldest, ‘I’ll look into your larder.’ ‘With all

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 169

‘ all my heart, madam,’ answered the good landlady ; ‘ I have fish and fowls  
‘ of all kinds, and rabbets and hares,  
‘ and variety of butcher’s meat ——  
‘ but your ladyship says you will be so  
‘ good to accommodate yourself on the  
‘ spot —— I am ready to attend your  
‘ ladyship, whenever your ladyship  
‘ pleases.’

WHILE the eldest was gone to examine the larder, the youngest of these ladies, having seized little *Pompey*, who followed his mistress into the room, was infinitely charmed with its beauty, and caressed him during the whole time of her sister’s absence. *Pompey*, in return, seemed pleased to be taken notice of by so fair a lady ; for tho’ he had long been disused to the company of people of fashion, he had not yet forgot how to behave himself with complaisance and good-manners. He felt a kind of pride returning, which all his misfortunes had not been able to extinguish, and began to hope the time was come, which should restore him to the beau-monde. With these hopes he continued in the room all the time the ladies were at dinner, paying great court to them both, and  
I receiving

receiving what they were pleased to bestow upon him with much fawning, and officious civility.

As soon as the ladies had dined, Mrs. *Windmill* came in to make her compliments, as usual, hoping the dinner was dressed to their ladyships minds, and that the journey had not destroyed their appetites. She received very courteous answers to all she said, and after some other conversation on indifferent topics, little *Pompey* came at last upon the carpet. ‘Pray madam,’ said the youngest of the ladies, ‘how long have you had this very pretty dog?’ Mrs. *Windmill*, who never was deficient, when she had an opportunity of talking, having started so fair a subject, began to display her eloquence in the following manner. ‘Madam, says she, ‘the little creature fell into my hands by the strangest accident in life, and it is G—d’s mercy he was not hanged—An old blind beggar, ladies, died in my stable about a fortnight ago, and it seems, this little animal used to lead him about the country. ’Tis amazing how they come by the instinct they have in them—and such a little

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 171

‘ little creature too——But as I was  
 ‘ telling you, ladies, the old blind beg-  
 ‘ gar was just returned from *Bath*, as  
 ‘ your ladyships may be now, and the  
 ‘ poor miserable wretch perished in my  
 ‘ stable. There he left this little dog,  
 ‘ and, will you believe it, ladies? as  
 ‘ I am alive, I ordered him to be hang-  
 ‘ ed, not once dreaming he was such  
 ‘ a beauty; for indeed he was quite  
 ‘ covered over with mire and nastiness,  
 ‘ as to be sure he could not be other-  
 ‘ wise, after leading the old blind man  
 ‘ so long a journey; but a maid-servant  
 ‘ of mine took a fancy to the little  
 ‘ wretch, and begged his life; and,  
 ‘ would you think it, ladies? I am now  
 ‘ grown as fond of the little fool, as if  
 ‘ he was my own child.’

THE two sisters, diverted with Mrs.  
*Windmill*’s oration, could not help smi-  
 ling on one another; but disguising their  
 laughter as well as they could, ‘I do  
 ‘ not wonder,’ said the youngest, ‘at  
 ‘ your fondness for him, madam! he is  
 ‘ so remarkably handsome; and that  
 ‘ being the case, I can’t find in my  
 ‘ heart to rob you of him, otherwise I  
 ‘ was just going to ask if you should be  
 I 2 ‘ willing



‘willing to part with him.’ ‘Bless me, madam,’ said the obliging hostess, ‘I am sure there is nothing I would not do to oblige your ladyship, and if your ladyship has such an affection for the little wretch—Not part with him indeed!’ ‘Nay, madam,’ said the lady interrupting her, ‘I would willingly make you any amends, and if you will please to name your price, I’ll purchase him of you.’ ‘Alack-a-day, madam,’ replied the landlady, ‘I am sorry your ladyship suspects me to be of such a mercenary disposition; purchase him indeed! he is extremely at your ladyship’s service, if you please to accept of him.’—With these words she took him up, and delivered him into the lady’s arms, who received him with many acknowledgements of the favour done her; all which the good landlady repaid with abundant interest.

WORD was now brought, that the chaise was ready, and waited at the door; whereupon, the two ladies were obliged to break off their conversation, and Mrs. *Windmill* to restrain her eloquence. She attended them, with a million of civil speeches, to their equipage, and

and handing little *Pompey* to them, when they were seated in it, took her leave with a great profusion of smiles and curtsies. The postilion blew his horn; the ladies bowed; and our hero's heart exulted with transport, to think of the amendment of his fate.

## CHAP II.

*A long chapter of characters.*

THE post-chaise stopped in a genteel street in *London*, and *Pompey* was introduced into decent lodgings, where every thing had an air of politeness, yet nothing was expensive. The rooms were hung with *Indian* paper; the beds were *Chinese*; and the whole furniture seemed to shew how elegant simplicity can be under the direction of taste. Tea was immediately ordered, and the two ladies sat down to refresh themselves after the fatigue of their journey, and began to talk over the adventures they had met with at the *Bath*. They remembered many agreeable incidents, which had happened in that great rendezvous of pleasure, and ventured to

laugh at some follies of their acquaintance, without severity, or ill-nature.

THESE two ladies were born of a good family, and had received a genteel education. Their father indeed left them no more than six thousand pounds each; but as they united their fortunes, and managed their affairs with frugality, they made a creditable figure in the world, and lived in intimacy with people of the greatest fashion. It will be necessary, for the sake of distinction, to give them names, and the reader, if he pleases, may call them *Theodosia* and *Aurora*.

THEODOSIA, the eldest, was advancing towards forty, an age when personal charms begin to fade, and women grow indifferent at least, who have nothing better to supply the place of them. But *Theodosia* was largely possessed of all those good qualities, which render women agreeable without beauty: She was affable and easy in her behaviour; well-bred without falsehood; chearful without levity; polite and obliging to her friends, civil and generous to her domestics. Nature had given her a good temper,

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temper, and education had made it an agreeable one. She had lived much in the world, without growing vain or insolent; improved her understanding by books, without any affectation of wit or science, and loved public places, without being a slave to pleasure. Her conversation was always engaging, and often entertaining. Her long commerce with the world had supplied her with a fund of diverting remarks on life, and her good sense enabled her to deliver them with grace and propriety.

AURORA, the youngest sister, was in her four and twentieth year, and imagination cannot possibly form a finer figure than she was, in every respect. Her beauty, now in its highest lustre, gave that full satisfaction to the eye, which younger charms rarely inspire. She was tall and full-formed, but with the utmost elegance and symmetry in all her limbs; and a certain majesty, which resulted from her shape, was accompanied with a most peculiar sweetness of face: For tho' she had all the charms, she had none of the insolence of beauty. As if these uncommon perfections of nature were not sufficient to procure her



admirers enough, she had added to them the most winning accomplishments of art: She danced and sung, and played like an angel; her voice naturally clear, full, and melodious, had been improved under the best *Italian* masters; and she was ready to oblige people with her music, on the slightest intimation that it would be agreeable, without any airs of shyness and unseasonable modesty. Indeed, affectation never entered into any one of her gestures, and whatsoever she did, was with that generous freedom of manner, which denotes a good understanding, as well as an honest heart. Her temper was chearful in the highest degree, and she had a most uncommon flow of spirits and good-humour, which seldom deserted her in any place, or company. At a ball she was extremely joyous and spirited, and the pleasure she gave to her beholders, could only be exceeded by that unbounded happiness with which she inspired her partner. Yet tho' her genius led her to be lively, and a little romantic, whoever conversed with her in private, admired her good sense, and heard reflexions from her, which plainly shewed she had often exercised her

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her understanding on the most serious subjects.

A WOMAN so beautiful in her person, and excellent in her accomplishments, could not fail of attracting lovers in great abundance; and as the characters of some of her admirers may perhaps not be unentertaining, we will give the reader a little sketch of two of them, from among a great variety.

AND first, let us pay our compliments to *Count Tag*, who had merited a title by his exploits; which perhaps is not the most usual step to honour, but always most respectable whenever it happens. 'Tis true, he had no patent to shew for his nobility, which depended entirely on the *arbitrium popularis auræ*, the fickleness of popular applause; but the same arts, which had procured him his title, he trusted to for the preservation of it. He had indeed taken great pains to be a coxcomb of distinguished reputation, and by the help of uncommon talents this way, was now arrived at the full extent of his wishes. Having established a large acquaintance among people of fashion, who admitted him for

the sake of laughing at him, he really fancied himself one of their number, and had long ago thought proper to forget his family and primæval meanness. But that the reader may know by what steps he rose to the conspicuous station of ridicule he now possessed, let us trace him in his progress to it.

COUNT Tag was the son of a *Brewer* in a great market-town, who having grown rich in trade, was seized with the unfortunate ambition of breeding up his son a gentleman; for which purpose he sent him first to a public school, and afterwards to the university of *Oxford*. Being here on a level with people much his superiors, the young gentleman learned to grow fond of great company, and very early began to calculate the degree of his happiness by the number of his fashionable acquaintance. At last his father died, and left him a fortune of about eight thousand pounds; upon the news whereof, he immediately transported himself from *Oxford* to *London*, resolving to make a bold push, as it is called, to introduce himself *into life*. He had a strong ambition of becoming a fine gentleman, and cultivating an acquaintance

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quaintance with people of fashion, which he esteemed the most consummate character attainable by man, and to that he resolved to dedicate his days. As his first essay therefore, he presented himself every evening in a side-box at one of the play-houses, where he was ready to enter into conversation with any body that would afford him an audience; but was particularly assiduous in applying himself to young noblemen and men of fortune, whom he had formerly known at school, or at the university. By degrees he got footing in two or three families of quality, where he was sometimes invited to dinner; and having learnt the fashionable topics of discourse, he studied to make himself agreeable, by entertaining them with the current news of the town. He had the first intelligence of a marriage or an intrigue, knew to a moment when the breath went out of a nobleman's body, and published the scandal of a masquerade, or a ridotta, sooner by half an hour at least, than any other public talker in *London*. He had a copious fluency of language, which made him embellish every subject he undertook, and a certain art of talking as minutely and circumstantially on the most trivial



trivial subjects, as on those of the highest importance. He would describe a straw, or a pimple on a lady's face, with all the figures of rhetoric ; by which he persuaded many people to believe him a man of great parts ; and surely no man's impertinence ever turned to better account. As he constantly attended *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, and all the public places, he got easier access to the tables of the great, and by degrees insinuated himself into all the parties of the ladies ; among whom he began to be received as a considerable genius, and quickly became necessary in all their drums and assemblies.

FINDING his schemes thus succeed almost beyond his hopes, he now assumed a higher behaviour, and began to fancy himself a man of quality from the company he kept. With this view he thought proper to forget all his old acquaintance, whose low geniusses left them groveling in obscurity, while his superior talents had raised him to a familiarity with lords and ladies. If therefore any old friend, presuming on their former intimacy, ventured to accost him in the park, he made a formal bow, and begged pardon for leaving him ; ‘ but really, lady *Betty*, or  
I lady

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‘ lady *Mary* was just entering the mall.’ In short, he always proportioned his respect to the rank and fortunes of his company; he would desert a commoner for a lord, a lord for an earl, an earl for a marquiss, and a marquiss for a duke. Having thus enrolled himself in his own imagination among the nobility, it was not without reason that people gave him the style and title of *Count Tag*, thinking it a pity that such a genius should be called by the ordinary name of his family.

To say this gentleman was in love, would be too great an abuse of language, for he was in reality incapable of loving any body but himself. But vanity and the mode, often made him affect attachments to women of celebrated beauty, from whose acquaintance he thought he could derive a credit to himself. This was his motive for appearing one of the admirers of *Aurora*, whose charms were conspicuous enough to excite his pride; and that was the only passion which the count ever thought of gratifying. He knew how to counterfeit raptures which he never felt, and had all the *language* of love, without any of its *sentiment*.

THE

THE other admirer of *Aurora*, whose character we likewise promised to draw, was one in all respects the reverse of *Count Tag*, and may very well serve as his contrast. He was a young nobleman about her own age, blest with every personal accomplishment that could render him agreeable, and every good quality that could make him beloved. If an excellent understanding, improved by competent reading; if the most uncommon integrity of mind, joined with the greatest candour and sensibility of heart; if a soul passionately devoted to the love of truth, which abhorred falsehood and detested affectation; if all these perfections can render any one the object of esteem, they all united in forming the character of this amiable young nobleman. But to esteem him only was paying him but half his due. There was something so very open and sincere in his looks, so winning in his conversation, and striking in all his actions, that no body ever departed from him without a thorough love and admiration of him. He had the most agreeable manner of address, improved, but not corrupted by the civilities of the world; a uniform, unaffected,

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 183

unaffected, natural gentility, which put mere politeness out of countenance, and left artificial complaisance at a distance. In a word, he had the most cordial warmth of heart, the greatest generosity of sentiment, and the truest æquanimity of temper upon all occasions in life.

BEING inspired with a passion for an agreeable woman, he was neither ashamed to own it, nor yet did he use the ridiculous eulogiums, with which coxcombs talk of their mistresses, when their imaginations are heated with wine. He did not compare her to the *Venus of Medici*, or run into any of those artificial raptures, which are almost always counterfeited: but whenever he mentioned her name, he spoke the language of his heart, and spoke of her always with a manliness, that testified the reality and sincerity of his passion. It was impossible for a woman not to return the affections of so deserving a lover: *Aurora* was happy to be the object of his addresses, and met them with becoming zeal.

C. H. A. P.



## C H A P. III.

*The characters of the foregoing chapter exemplified. An irreparable misfortune befalls our hero.*

THE two sisters had lain longer abed than usual the morning after their arrival in town, which was owing to the fatigue of their journey. They had but just finished their breakfast by twelve o'clock; *Aurora* was then sitting down to her harpsichord, and *Theodosia* reading the play-bills for the evening; when the door opened, and *Count Tag* was ushered by a servant into the room.

WHEN the first ceremonies were a little over, and the count had expressed the *prodigious satisfaction* he felt in seeing them returned to town; he began to enquire what kind of season they had had at *Bath*? ‘Why really,’ said *Theodosia*, ‘a very good one upon the whole; there were many agreeable people there, and all of them easy and sociable; which made our time pass away chearfully and

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‘ and pleasantly enough.’ ‘ You amaze  
‘ me,’ cries the *Count*; ‘ impossible,  
‘ madam! how can it be, ladies?—I  
‘ had letters from lord *Marmazet*, and  
‘ lady *Betty Scornful*, assuring me, that,  
‘ except you and themselves, there were  
‘ not three human creatures in the place.

——Let me see, I have lady *Betty*’s  
‘ letter in my pocket, I believe, at this  
‘ moment—Oh no, upon recollection,  
‘ I put it this morning into my cabi-  
‘ net, where I preserve all my letters of  
‘ quality.’

AURORA, smothering a laugh as well  
as she could, said she was extremely  
obliged to lord *Marmazet*, and lady  
*Betty*, for vouchsafing to rank her and  
her sister in the catalogue of human be-  
ings; ‘ but surely,’ added she, ‘ they  
‘ must have been asleep both of them,  
‘ when they wrote their letters, for the  
‘ *Bath* was extremely full.’ ‘ Full!’  
cries the *Count*, interrupting her; ‘ oh,  
‘ madam, that is very possible, and yet  
‘ there might be no company—that is,  
‘ none of us; no-body that one knows  
‘ —for as to all the tramontanes that  
‘ come by the cross post, we never  
‘ reckon them as any thing but mon-  
‘ sters

sters in human shape, that serve to fill  
 up the stage of life, like cyphers in a  
 play. For instance, you often see an  
 awkward girl, who has sewed a tail to  
 a gown, and pinned two lappets to  
 a night-cap, run headlong into the  
 rooms with a wild frosty face, as if  
 she was just come from feeding poultry  
 in her father's chicken-yard—Or you  
 see a booby 'squire, with a head re-  
 sembling a stone-ball over a gate-post.  
 —Now it would be the most ridiculous  
 thing in life, to call such people com-  
 pany. 'Tis the want of titles, and  
 not the want of faces, that makes a  
 place empty; for if there is no-body  
 one knows—if there are *none of us* in a  
 place, we esteem all the rest as mob  
 and rabble.'

HERE it was impossible for the two  
 ladies any longer to contain their laugh-  
 ter. 'Hold, hold, for heaven's sake,'  
 said *Theodosia*, interrupting him, 'have  
 a little mercy, *Count*, on us poor mor-  
 tals who are born without titles, and  
 don't banish us quite from all public  
 places. Consider, sir, tho' you have  
 been so happy as to acquire a title, all  
 of us have not the same good fortune,  
 and

‘and must we then be reckoned among  
‘the mob and rabble of life?’

‘Oh, by no means,’ cries the *Count*,  
‘you misunderstand me entirely—you  
‘are in the polite circle, ladies; we  
‘reckon you among the quality. Who-  
‘ever belongs to the polite circle, is of  
‘the quality. I was only talking of the  
‘wretched figures, who know nobody,  
‘and are known of nobody; they are  
‘the mob and rabble I was speaking of.  
‘—You indeed! no, pardon me—but  
‘pray ladies, who was this miss *New-*  
‘*come*, this great beauty, that made  
‘such a figure among you at *Bath*?  
‘Was she ever in any of our drums or  
‘assemblies?’

‘No, sir,’ replied *Theodosia*; ‘it was  
‘the first time of her appearing, I be-  
‘lieve, in any public place; she came  
‘under the protection of lady *Marma-*  
‘*zet*. She is a very agreeable girl, and  
‘really exceedingly pretty. I often con-  
‘versed with her, and indeed she pro-  
‘mises to make a very fine woman, if  
‘she does not play the fool, and throw  
‘herself away upon that odious, detesta-  
‘ble *Griskin*.’

‘Av,’



‘AY, that *Griskin* too!’ cries the Count, ‘who is that detestable *Griskin*? I think I am acquainted with all the families of any note in *England*, and yet in my days I never heard of Sir *Jeremy Griskin*.’

‘No, sir,’ said *Aurora*, with a smile, ‘’tis impossible you should know any such *English* family, for he gave out that he came from *Ireland*; and even there, I fancy, one should be pretty much puzzled to find it; for I am very apt to suspect that Mr. *Griskin* is nothing better than a notorious sharper. We had a report at *Bath*, that he was the son of a blind beggar. The truth of this indeed never came perfectly to light, but sure lady *Marmazet*, if she has any friendship for the girl, must be mad to encourage such a match.’

‘ABSOLUTELY distracted,’ cries the Count; ‘I can’t imagine what she means by it; and indeed when she comes to town, I shall rally her ladyship for having such a beauty in *petto*, without letting me know any thing of the matter.’

WHILE

WHILE the *Count* was thus displaying his own merit and acquaintance with the *grand monde*, the door opened on a sudden, and the young lord appeared, whose character concluded the preceding chapter. He approached the ladies with a respectful bow, and enquired tenderly concerning their health, but addressed himself rather in a more particular manner to *Aurora*. Her face immediately changed on his entering the room, and a certain air of affectionate languor took possession of her features, which before were a little expressive of scorn and ridicule: in short, she received him with something more than complaisance, and a tone of voice only calculated to convey the sentiments of love.

BUT as the delicacy of her passion chose to reveal itself as little as possible before witnesses, she soon recovered the gaiety of her features, and addressing herself with a smile to her beloved peer, ‘my lord,’ said she, ‘you are come in excellent time—the *Count* is entertaining us here with a very ingenious lecture on what it is we are to call the *world*.’

COUNT

COUNT *Tag* was no stranger to his lordship, who perfectly knew, and heartily despised him for his foppery and affectation. Yet he was obliged now and then to submit to a visit from him; for being in possession of a title, the *Count*, who *haunted* all people of quality, would obtrude himself on his acquaintance contrary to his inclination; and good manners, as well as the natural candour of his temper, restrained him from expressing his detestation in too explicit terms. He had however no great desire at present to hear him upon a topic, where his impertinence would have so great a scope, and therefore endeavoured to turn the conversation to some other subject: but the *Count*, whose eyes sparkled (as they always did) on the appearance of a man of quality, no sooner saw him seated in his chair, than he fastened immediately upon him, and began to appeal to his lordship for a confirmation of his sentiments. ‘My lord,’ said he, ‘I was endeavouring to convince the ladies, that if there is *no-body* one knows, none of us, in a public place, all the rest are to be considered in the light of porters and oyster-women.

POMPEY THE LITTLE. 191

‘ I dare say your lordship is of the same  
‘ opinion.’

‘ INDEED sir, but I am not,’ replied  
his lordship, ‘ and therefore I must de-  
‘ sire you would not draw me into a  
‘ participation of any such sentiments.  
‘ The language of *people one knows*, and  
‘ *people one does not know*, is what I  
‘ very often hear in the world; but it  
‘ seems to me the most contemptible  
‘ jargon that ever was invented. In-  
‘ deed for my own part, I don’t under-  
‘ stand it, and therefore I confess I am  
‘ not qualified to talk about it. Whom  
‘ pray are we to call the *people one*  
‘ *knows*?’

‘ *O mon dieu!*’ cries the Count, ‘ your  
‘ lordship surely can’t ask such a que-  
‘ stion. The *people one knows*, my  
‘ lord, are the people who are in the  
‘ round of assemblies and public diver-  
‘ sions, people who have the *scavoir*  
‘ *vivre*, the *ton de bonne compagnie*, as  
‘ the *French* call it—in short, people  
‘ who frize their hair in the newest  
‘ fashion, and have their cloaths made  
‘ at *Paris*.’

‘ AND



‘ AND are these the only people worth  
‘ one’s regard in life?’ said his lordship.

‘ ABSOLUTELY, my lord!’ cries the  
Count, ‘ I have no manner of idea or  
‘ conception of any body else.’

‘ THEN I am most heartily sorry for  
‘ you,’ cries his lordship. ‘ I can  
‘ readily allow that people of quality  
‘ must in general live with one ano-  
‘ ther; the customs of the world in  
‘ good measure require it; but surely  
‘ our station gives us no right to behave  
‘ with insolence to people below us,  
‘ because they have not their cloaths  
‘ from *Paris*, or do not *frize* their hair  
‘ in the newest fashion. And I am sure  
‘ if people of quality have no such right,  
‘ it much less becomes the fops and  
‘ coxcombs in fashion, who are but the  
‘ retainers on people of quality, who  
‘ are themselves only in public by per-  
‘ mission, and can pretend to no merit,  
‘ but what they derive from an acquaint-  
‘ tance with their betters. This surely  
‘ is the most contemptible of all modern  
‘ follies. For instance, because a man  
‘ is permitted to whisper nonsense in a  
‘ lady’s

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 193

‘ lady *Betty*’s or lady *Mary*’s ear, in the  
 ‘ side-box at a play-house, shall he  
 ‘ therefore fancy himself privileged to  
 ‘ behave with impertinence to people  
 ‘ infinitely his superiors in merit, who  
 ‘ perhaps have not thought it worth  
 ‘ their while to *riggle* themselves into a  
 ‘ great acquaintance?—What say you,  
 ‘ madam,’ added he, addressing himself  
 to *Theodosia*.

‘ Your observation,’ she replied, ‘ is  
 ‘ exceedingly just, my lord! but why  
 ‘ do you confine it to your own sex?  
 ‘ pray let ours come in for a share of  
 ‘ the satire——For my part, I could  
 ‘ name a great many trumpery insigni-  
 ‘ nificant girls about town, who having  
 ‘ *riggled* themselves, as you say, into a  
 ‘ polite acquaintance, give themselves  
 ‘ ten times more airs, and are fifty  
 ‘ thousand times more conceited, than  
 ‘ the people to whose company they  
 ‘ owe their pride. I have one now in  
 ‘ my thoughts, who is throughout a  
 ‘ composition of vanity and folly, and  
 ‘ has been for several years the public  
 ‘ jest and ridicule of the town for her  
 ‘ behaviour.’

ALL this while the *Count* sat in some confusion. For tho' he had a wonderful talent, as indeed most people have, at warding off scandal from himself, and applying the satire he met with to his neighbours, he was here so plainly described, that it was hardly possible for him to be mistaken. *Aurora* saw this, and resolving to compleat his confusion, ' *Count*,' said she, ' I have had it in ' my head this many a day to ask you ' a question—will you be so obliging as ' to tell me how you came by your ' title?' ' O pardon me, I have no ' title, madam,' cries the *Count*—' mere ' *badinage* and ridicule, a nick-name ' given me by some of my friends, ' that's all—but another time for that. ' At present I am obliged to call upon ' lord *Monkeyman*, who desires my opinion of some pictures he is going to ' buy; after which I shall look in upon ' lady *Betty Vincent*, whom I positively ' have not seen for these three days.' Here he rose up, and made all the haste he could away, being exceedingly glad to escape the persecution, which he saw was preparing for him.

LITTLE

LITTLE *Pompey* was witness of many of these interviews, and began to think himself happily situated for life. He was a great favourite with *Aurora*, who caressed him with the fondest tenderness, and permitted him to sleep every night in a chair by her bed-side. When she awoke in a morning, she would embrace him with an ardour, which the happiest lover might have envied. Our hero's vanity perhaps made him fancy himself the genuine object of these caresses, whereas in reality he was only the representative of a much nobler creature. In this manner he lived with his new mistress the greatest part of a winter, and might still have continued in the same happy situation, had he not ruined himself by his own imprudence.

AURORA had been dancing one night at a *ridotta* with her beloved peer, and retired late to her lodgings, with that vivacity in her looks, and transport in her thoughts, which love and pleasure always inspire. Animated with delightful presages of future happiness, she sat herself down in a chair, to recollect the conversation that had passed between

K 2

them.



them. After this, she went to bed, and resigned herself to the purest slumbers. She slept longer than usual the next morning, and it seemed as if some golden dream was pictured in her fancy; for her cheek glowed with unusual beauty, and her voice spontaneously pronounced, *my lord, I am wholly yours.*—While her imagination was presenting her with these delicious ideas, little *Pompey*, who heard the sound, and thought she over-slept herself, leaped upon the bed, and waked her with his barking. To be interrupted in so critical a minute, while she was dreaming of her beloved peer, was an offence she knew not how to pardon. She darted a most enraged look at him, and resolved never to see him any more; but disposed of him that very morning to her milliner, who attended her with a new head-dress.

Thus was he again removed to new lodgings, and condemned to future adventures.

## C H A P. IV.

*Another long chapter of characters.*

**T**HE fair princess of lace and ribbands, who now took possession of our hero, carried him home in her arms, extremely well-pleased with her present. She quickly grew exceeding fond of him, as all his owners had been before her, and to express her love, ornamented his neck with a cambrick ruff. The sight of this happening to please some ladies of quality, who came by accident to the shop, they resolved to imitate it; and from hence arose the modern fashion of ladies wearing ruffs about their necks.

THREE or four days after he was settled in these apartments, as he was frisking and sporting one morning about the shop, a young lady, who lodged in the house, came down stairs, and accosted his mistress in the following terms: ‘ I want to see some ribbands if you please, madam, to match my blue gown; for lady *Bab Frightful* is to call upon mamma this evening, to carry us to the play, to see *Othello* *whore of Venus*,

' which they say is one of the finest plays  
 ' that ever was acted.' ' Yes really,  
 ' mem, 'tis a very engaging play to be  
 ' sure,' replied the milliner; ' indeed I  
 ' think it one of the master-pieces of the  
 ' *English* stage—but you mistake a little,  
 ' I fancy miss, in the naming of it, for  
 ' *Shakespear* I believe wrote it *Othello*  
 ' moor of *Venice*. *Venice*, mem, is a  
 ' famous town or city somewhere or  
 ' other, where *Othello* runs away with a  
 ' rich heiress in the night-time, and  
 ' marries her privately at the fleet. By  
 ' very odd luck he was created lord  
 ' high-admiral that very night, and goes  
 ' out to fight the *Turks*, and takes his  
 ' wife along with him to the wars; and  
 ' there, mem, he grows jealous of her,  
 ' only because she happens to have lost  
 ' a handkerchief, which he gave her  
 ' when he came a courting to her. It  
 ' was a muslin handkerchief, mem, spotted  
 ' with strawberries; and because she  
 ' can't find it, he beats her in the most  
 ' unmerciful manner, and at last smothers  
 ' her between two feather-beds.' ' Does  
 ' he indeed?' cries the young lady;  
 ' well, I hate a jealous man of all things  
 ' in nature; a jealous man is my parti-  
 ' cular aversion—but however, no mat-  
 ' ter

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 199

' ter what the play is, you know, ma'am,  
 ' so we do but see it; for the pleasure  
 ' of a play is to shew one's self in the  
 ' boxes, and see the Company, and all  
 ' that——Yes, ma'am, this here is the  
 sort of ribbands I want, only if you  
 ' please to let me see some of a paler  
 ' blue.'

WHILE the milliner was taking down  
 some fresh ban-boxes, the young lady  
 turning round, happened to spy *Pompey*  
 in a corner of the shop. ' O heavens!'  
 cries she, as soon as she cast her eyes  
 upon him, ' what a delightful little dog  
 ' is there? Pray, dear Mrs. *Pincushion*,  
 ' do tell me how long you have been in  
 ' possession of that charming little beau-  
 ' ty?' Mrs. *Pincushion* replied that he  
 had been in her possession about a week,  
 and was given her by a lady of celebrated  
 beauty, whom she had the honour of  
 serving. ' Well, if I am not amazed to  
 ' think how she could part with him!'   
 cries the young lady——' Sure, ma'am,  
 ' she must be a woman of no manner  
 ' of taste in the world, for I never saw  
 ' any thing so charmingly handsome  
 ' since the hour I was born. Pray, dear  
 ' Mrs. *Pincushion*, what is his name?'



BEING informed that he was called *Pompey*, she snatched him up in her arms, kissed him with great transport, and poured forth the following torrent of nonsense upon him: ‘O you sweet little *Pompey*! ‘you most delightful little *Pompey*! you ‘dear heavenly jewel! you most charming little perroquet! I will kiss you, ‘you little beauty! I will—I will—I’ll ‘kiss you, and hug you, and kiss you ‘to death.’ Then turning again to the milliner, ‘dear Mrs. *Pincushion*,’ added she, ‘you must give me leave to carry ‘him up stairs, to shew him to papa and ‘mamma, for in all my days I never ‘beheld so divine a creature.’ Being now served with her blue ribbands, and having received the milliner’s consent to her request, she flew up stairs in all imaginable haste, with the dog in her arms: but before we relate the reception she met with, let us prepare the reader with a short description of her parents.

SIR *Thomas Frippery*, the father of this young lady, had formerly enjoyed a little post in queen *Anne*’s court, which entitled him to a knighthood in consequence of his office, tho’ the salary of it was very

very inconsiderable, and by no means equal to the grandeur he affected. On the death of the queen he lost this employment, and was obliged to retire into the country; where he gave himself the airs of a minister of state, set up for an oracle of politics, and endeavoured to persuade his country-neighbours that he had been very intimate with lord *Oxford*, and very deep in the transactions of those times.

THE same ridiculous vanity pursued him thro' every article of his life, and tho' his estate was known hardly to amount to three hundred pounds a year, he laboured to make people believe that it exceeded as many thousands. For this purpose, whatever he was obliged to do out of frugality, he was sure to put off with a pretence of *taste*, and always disguised his œconomy under the masque of fashion and the mode. For instance, when he laid down his coach, he boasted every where, how much better it was to hire job-horses as occasion required, than to run the hazard of accidents by keeping them—that coachmen were such villainous rascals, it was impossible to put any confidence in them—

that going into dirty stables to overlook their management, and treading up to one's knees in horse-dung, was extremely disagreeable to people of fashion—and therefore for his part, he had laid down his coach to avoid the trouble and anxiety of keeping horses.

WHEN his country-neighbours dined with him, whose ignorance he thought he could impose on, he would give them alder-wine and swear it was hermitage, call a gammon of bacon a *Bayonne* ham, and put off the commonest home-made cheese for the best *Parmasan* that ever came into *England*; which he said had been sent him as a present by a young nobleman of his acquaintance then on his travels.

ABOUT once in three years he brought his wife and family to town, which served for matter of conversation to them during the two intermediate years, that were spent in the country; and they looked forward to the winter of pleasure with as much rapture and expectation, as the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr. *Wh—n*, and some other christians do to their *millennium*.

DURING

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DURING the time of his residence in *London*, Sir *Thomas* every morning attended the levees of ministers, to beg the restitution of his old place, or an appointment to a new one; which he said he would receive with the most grateful acknowledgments, and discharge in any manner they should please to prescribe. Yet whether it was that his majesty's ministers were insensible of his merits, or could find no place suited to his abilities, the unhappy knight profited little by his court-attendance, and might as well have saved himself the expence of a triennial journey to *London*.

BUT tho' these expeditions did not encrease his fortune, they added much to his vanity, and he returned into the country new-laden with stories to amuse his ignorant neighbours. He talked of *his old friend my good lord*—with the greatest familiarity, and related conversations that had passed at the duke of —'s table, with as much circumstance and particularity as if he had been present at them.

THE



THE last article of vanity we shall mention, were his cloaths; which gives the finishing stroke to his character; for he chose rather to wear the rags of old finery, which had been made up in the reign of queen *Anne*, than to submit to plain cloaths of a modern make and fashion. He fancied the poor people in his neighbourhood were to be awed with the sight of tarnished lace, and wherever he went, the gold-fringe fell from his person so plentifully, that you might at any time trace his footsteps by the relicks of finery, which he left behind him.

LADY *Frippery* his accomplish'd spouse, did not fall short of her husband in any of these perfections, but rather improved them with new graces of her own. For having been something of a beauty in her youth, she still retained all the scornful airs and languishing disdain, which she had formerly practised to her dying lovers.

THEY had one only daughter, who having been educated all her life at home under her parents, was now be-

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come a master-piece of folly, vanity and impertinence. She had not one gesture or motion that was natural; her mouth never opened without some ridiculous grimace; her voice had learnt a tone and accent foreign to itself; her eyes squinted with endeavouring to look alluring, and all her limbs were distorted with affectation. Yet she fancied herself so well-bred, genteel and engaging, that it was impossible for any man to look on her without admiration, and was always talking about *taste* and the *mode*.

It happened now to be the *London* winter with this amiable family, and they were crowded into scanty lodgings on a milliner's first floor, consisting only of a dining-room, a bed-chamber and a closet. The dining-room was set apart for the reception of company, Sir *Thomas* and his lady took possession of the chamber, and miss slept in a little tent-bed occasionally stuffed into the closet. Such was the family, to whom our hero was now to be introduced.

THERE is nothing more droll and diverting than the morning dresses of people, who being exceedingly poor,  
and

and yet exceedingly proud, affect to make a great figure with a very little fortune. The expence they are at abroad obliges them to double their frugality at home; and as their chief happiness consists in displaying themselves to the eye of the world, consequently when they are out of its eye, nothing is too dirty or too ragged for them to wear. Now as no-body ever had the vanity of appearance more than the family we have been describing, it will easily be believed, that in their own private apartments, behind the scenes of the world, they did not appear to the greatest advantage. And indeed there was something so singularly odd in their dress and employments, at the moment our hero was presented to them, that we cannot help endeavouring to set their image before the reader.

SIR *Thomas* was shaving himself before a looking-glass in his bed-chamber, habited in the rags of an old night-gown, which about thirty years before had been red damask. All his face, and more than half his head were covered with soap-suds; only on his crown hung a flimzy green silk night-cap, made

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made in the shape of a sugar-loaf. He had on a very dirty night-shirt, richly tintured with perspiration, for he had slept in it a fortnight; and over this, a much dirtier ribb'd dimitty waste-coat, which had not visited the wash-tub for a whole twelve-month past. To finish his picture, he wore on his feet a pair of darned blue fatten slippers, made out of the remnants of one of his wife's old petticoats.

So much for Sir *Thomas*. Close by him sat his lady, combing her hoary locks before the same looking-glass, and drest in a short bed-gown, which hardly reached down to her middle. A night-shirt, which likewise had almost forgot the washing-tub, shrouded the hidden beauties of her person. She was without stays, without a hoop, without ruffles, and without any linen about her neck, to hide those redundant charms, which age had a little embrowned.

THIS was their dress and attitude, when their daughter burst into the room, and earnestly called upon them to admire the beauties of a lap-dog. Her sudden entrance alarming them with the expectation



tation of some mighty matter, Sir Thomas in turning hastily round, had the misfortune to cut himself with his razor: which putting him in a passion, when he came to know the ridiculous occasion of all this hurry; 'Pox take the girl,' cries he, 'get away child, and don't interrupt me with your lap-dogs. I am in a hurry here to go to court this morning, and you take up my time with silly tittle-tattle about a lap-dog. Do you see here, foolish girl? You have made me cut myself with your ridiculous nonsense—Get away I tell you—what a figure do you think I shall make at the levees with such a scar upon my face?' *which which which*

'Bless me, papa!' cries the young lady, 'I protest I am vastly sorry for your misfortune, but I'm sure you'll forgive, if you will but look on this delightful heavenly little jewel of a dog.' *which which which*

'D—MN your little jewel of a dog,' replies the knight; 'prythee stand out of my way—I tell you I am in a hurry to go to court, and therefore prythee

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‘ prythee don’t trouble me with your  
‘ whelps and your puppy-dogs.’

‘ O MONSTROUS ! how can you call  
‘ him such cruel names ?’ cries the  
daughter. ‘ I am amazed at you, papa,  
‘ for your *want of taste*. How can any  
‘ living creature be so utterly void of  
‘ *taste*, as not to admire such a beautiful  
‘ little monkey ? do, dear mamma ! look  
‘ at him—I am sure you must admire  
‘ him, tho’ papa is so shamefully blind,  
‘ and so utterly void of all manner of  
‘ taste.’

‘ WHY sure, my dear, you are mad  
‘ to-day,’ replied the mother, ‘ one  
‘ would think you was absolutely fud-  
‘ dled this morning. Taste, indeed ! I de-  
‘ clare you are void of all manner of un-  
‘ derstanding, whatever your taste may  
‘ be, to interrupt us thus, when you see  
‘ we are both in a hurry to be drest.  
‘ Prythee girl ! learn a little decency and  
‘ good manners, before you pretend to  
‘ talk of taste.’

THE young lady being reprimanded  
thus on both sides, began to look ex-  
tremely foolish, when a servant entered  
to

to inform them that Mr. *Chace* was in the dining-room. ‘Ay, ay, go,’ cries Sir *Thomas*, ‘go and entertain him with your taste, till I am able to wait on him; tell Mr. *Chace* I happen unfortunately to be dressing, but I’ll be with him in a moment of time.’

Miss *Frippery*, then, muttering some little scorn, hurried into the next room with the dog in her arms, to see if she could not persuade her lover, (for so he was) to discover more taste than her parents. And here indeed she had better success; for this gentleman, who was a great sportsman and fox-hunter, was consequently a great connoisseur in dogs; he was likewise what is called a *very pretty young fellow about town*, and had a taste so exactly correspondent with that of the lady, that it is no wonder they agreed in the same objects of admiration. Here follows his character.

MR. *Chace*, usually called *Jack Chace* among his intimates, possessed an estate of fifteen hundred pounds a year; which was just sufficient to furnish him with a variety of riding-frocks, jockey-boots, Khevenhullar hats, and coach-whips. His great

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great ambition was to be deemed a *jemmy fellow*; for which purpose, he appeared always in the morning in a *New-Market* frock, decorated with a great number of green, red or blue capes; he wore a short bob wig, neat buck's-skin breeches, white-silk stockings, and carried a cane switch in his hand. He kept a phaeton-chaise, and four *bay cattle*; a stable of hunters, and a pack of hounds in the country. The reputation of being a coachman, and driving a set of horses with skill, or in his own phrase, *doing his business clean*, he esteemed the greatest character in human life, and thought himself seated on the very pinnacle of glory, when he was mounted up in a high-chaise at a horse-race. *New-Market* had not a more active spirit, where he was frequently his own jockey, and boasted always as a singular accomplishment, *that he did not ride above eight stone and a half*. Tho' he was a little man, and not very healthy in his constitution, he desired to be thought capable of the greatest fatigue, and was always laying wagers of the vast journeys he could perform in a day. He had likewise an ambition to be esteemed a man of consummate debauch, and endeavoured



endeavoured to persuade you, that he never went to bed without first drinking three or four bottles of claret, lying with as many wh—res, and knocking down as many watchmen. In the mornings he attended Mr. *Broughton's* amphitheatres, and in the evenings, (if he was drunk in time, which indeed he seldom failed to be) he came behind the scenes of the play-house, in the middle of the third act, and there heroically exposed himself to the hisses of the galleries. Whenever he met you, he began constantly with describing his last night's debauch, or related the arrival of a new wh—re upon the town, or entertained you with the exploits of his bay cattle : and if you declined conversing with him on these three illustrious subjects, he swore you was a fellow of no soul or genius, and ever afterwards shunned your company. Having a hunting seat in the neighbourhood of *Sir Thomas Frippery*, he often visited in the family of that worthy knight, and at last made proposals of marriage to the young lady ; which were favourably enough received, as well by her, as her parents, who, it must be confessed, had

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a very laudable regard for Mr. *Chace's* estate.

To this jemmy young gentleman, who was now seated in Sir *Thomas's* dining-room, Miss *Frippery* came running with the dog in her arms, and much sparkling conversation passed between them, which perhaps might not be unenterprising, if we were able to relate it; but as it turned wholly upon *polite taste in dress*; and the *mode*, we confess ourselves unequal to so difficult and delicate a task.

### CHAP. V.

#### *A description of a drum.*

WE shall then pass over this conversation in the morning, and another of equal brilliancy in the evening, at the play of *Otbello's* *whore of Venus*, being in haste to describe an event, which engrossed the attention of this accomplished family for a fortnight, and was matter of conversation to them for a year afterwards.

LADY

LADY *Frippery*, in imitation of other ladies of rank and quality, was ambitious of having a drum; tho' the smallness of her lodgings might well have excused her from attempting that modish piece of vanity.

A DRUM is at present the highest object of female vain-glory; the end whereof is to assemble as large a mob of quality as can possibly be contained in one house; and great are the honours paid to that lady, who can boast of the largest crowd. For this purpose, a woman of superior rank calculates how many people all the rooms in her house laid open can possibly hold, and then sends about two months beforehand *among the people one knows*, to bespeak such a number as she thinks will fill them. Hence great emulations arise among them, and the candidates for this honour sue as eagerly for visiters, as candidates for parliament do for votes at an election: For as it sometimes happens that two ladies pitch upon the same evening for raising a riot, 'tis necessary they should beat up in time for voluntiers; otherwise they may chance to be defrauded of their numbers,

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numbers, and one of them lie under the ignominy of collecting a mob of a hundred only, while the other has the honour of assembling a well-drest rabble of three of four hundred; which of course breaks the heart of that unfortunate lady, who comes off with this immortal disgrace.

Now as the actions of people of quality are sure of being copied, hence it comes to pass that ladies of inferior rank, resolving to be in fashion, take upon them likewise to have drums in imitation of their superiors: Only there is this difference between the two orders, that the higher call nothing but a *crowd* a *drum*, whereas the lower often give that name to the commonest parties, and for the sake of honour call an ordinary visit an assembly.

THIS was the case with lady *Frippery*; her acquaintance in town was very small, and it seemed improbable that she could assemble above a dozen people at most, without making any allowance for colds, head-achs, vapours, hysteric fits, fevers upon the spirits, and other female indispositions; yet still she resolved to have a drum, and the young lady seconded her  
mamma's



mamma's inclinations so vehemently, that Sir Thomas was obliged to comply.

FROM the moment this great event was resolved on, all their conversations turned upon it, and it was pleasant to hear the schemes and contrivances they had about it. Their first and principal care was to secure lady *Bab Frightful*, the chief of lady *Frippery's* acquaintance, whose name was to give a lustre to the assembly. Now lady *Bab* being one of the quality, it was possible she might have a previous engagement, unless she was taken in time; and therefore a card was dispatched to her in the first place, to bespeak her for such an evening; and it was resolved, that if any cross accident prevented her coming, new measures should be taken, and the drum be deferred till another night. Lady *Bab* returned for answer, *that she would wait on lady Frippery, if her health permitted.* This dubious kind of message puzzled them in the strangest manner, and was worse than a denial; for without lady *Bab* it was impossible to proceed, without lady *Bab* the assembly would make no figure, and yet they were obliged to run the hazard of her

not

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 217

not coming, in consequence of her answer. Every day therefore, they sent to enquire after her health, and their hopes rose or fell according to the word that was brought them; till on the day before the drum was to be held, a most calamitous piece of news arrived, *that lady Bab was disabled by her Surgeon*, who in cutting her toe-nail, had made an incision in her flesh; yet still she promised to be with them, *if it was possible for her to bobble abroad*. No language can describe the damp, which this fatal message struck into the whole family; but they were obliged to submit with patience, and as a glimpse of hope still remained, they had nothing left but to put up their prayers for lady Bab's recovery.

At length the important evening arrived, that was to decide all their expectations and fears. Many consultations had been held every day, and almost every hour of the day, that things might be perfect and in order, when the time came: yet notwithstanding all their precautions, a dispute arose almost at the last moment, *whether lady Frippery was to receive her company at the top or*  
L
bottom

*bottom of the stairs?* This momentous question begat a warm debate. Her ladyship and miss contended resolutely for the top of the stairs, Sir Thomas for the bottom, and Mr. Chace, who was present, observed a neutrality. At length, after a long altercation, the knight was obliged to submit to a majority of voices; tho' not without condemning his wife and daughter for want of politeness. 'My dear,' said he, (taking a pinch of snuff with great vehemence,) 'I am amazed that you can be guilty of such a solecism in breeding: it surprizes me, that you are not sensible of the impropriety of it—Will it not shew much greater respect and complaisance to meet your company at the bottom of the stairs, than to stand like an *Indian* queen receiving homage at the top of them?' 'Yes, my dear!' answered her ladyship; 'but you know my territories do not commence till the top of the stairs; our territories do not begin below stairs; and it would be very improper for me to go out of my own dominions——Don't you see that, my dear? I am surprized at your want of comprehension to-day, Sir Thomas!' 'Well, well, I have

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 219

‘ have given it up,’ answered he, ‘ have  
 ‘ your own way, child; have your own  
 ‘ way, my lady, and then you’ll be  
 ‘ pleased, I hope.—But I am sure, in  
 ‘ my days, people would have met their  
 ‘ company at the bottom of the stairs.  
 ‘ When I and lord *Oxford* were in the  
 ‘ ministry together, affairs would have  
 ‘ been very different—but the age has lost  
 ‘ all its civility, and people are not half  
 ‘ so well-bred as they were formerly.’

THIS reflexion on modern times,  
 piqued the daughter’s vanity, who now  
 began to play her part in the debate.  
 ‘ Yes, papa,’ said she, ‘ but what sig-  
 ‘ nifies what people did formerly? that  
 ‘ is nothing at all to us at present, you  
 ‘ know; for to be sure all people were  
 ‘ fools formerly: I always think people  
 ‘ were fools in former days. They never  
 ‘ did any thing as we do now-a-days,  
 ‘ and therefore it stands to reason they  
 ‘ were all fools and idiots. ’Tis very  
 ‘ manifest they had no breeding, and  
 ‘ all the world must allow, that the  
 ‘ world never was so wise, and polite,  
 ‘ and sensible, and clever, as it is at  
 ‘ this moment; and, for my part, I  
 ‘ would not have lived in former days



‘for all the world.’ Pugh!” said the knight, interrupting her, ‘you are a little illiterate monkey; you talk without book, child! the world is nothing to what it was in my days. Every thing is altered for the worse. The women are not near so handsome. None of you are comparable to your mothers.’ ‘Nay, there,’—said lady *Frippery*, interposing, ‘there, Sir *Thomas*, I entirely agree with you—there you have my consent, with all my heart. To be sure, all the celebrated girls about town, are mere dowdies, in comparison of their mothers; and if there could be a resurrection of beauties, they would shine only like *Bristol* stones in the company of diamonds.’ ‘Bless me, mamma!’ cried the young lady, with the tears standing in her eyes, ‘how can you talk so? There never were so many fine women in the whole world, as there are now in *London*; and ’tis enough to make one burst out a crying, to hear you talk—Come, Mr. *Chace*, why don’t you stand up for us modern beauties?’

IN the midst of this conversation, there was a violent rap at the street-door; whereupon

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 221

whereupon they all flew to the window, crying out eagerly, ‘ there—there is ‘ lady *Bab*——I am sure ’tis lady *Bab*; ‘ for I know her footman’s rap.’ Yet in spite of this knowledge, lady *Bab* did not arrive according to their hopes; and it seemed as if her ladyship had laid a scheme to keep them in suspense; for of all the people, who composed this illustrious assembly, lady *Bab* came the last. They took care, however, to inform the company from time to time, that she was expected, by making the same observation on the arrival of every fresh coach, and still persisting, that they knew her footman’s rap, tho’ they had given so many proofs to the contrary. At length, however, lady *Bab* *Frightful* came; and it is impossible to express the joy they felt on her appearance; which revived them on a sudden from the depth of despair to the highest exaltation of happiness.

HER ladyship’s great toe engrossed the conversation for the first hour, whose misfortune was lamented in very pathetic terms by all the company, and many wise reflexions were made upon the accident which had happened; some con-

demning the ignorance, and others the carelessness of the surgeon, who had been guilty of such a trespass on her ladyship's flesh. Some advised her to be very careful how she walked upon it; others recommended a larger shoe to her ladyship, and lady *Frippery*, in particular, continued the whole evening to protest the vast obligations she had to her, for favouring her with her company under such an affliction. But had I an hundred hands, and as many pens; it would be impossible to describe the folly of that night: wherefore, begging the reader to supply it by the help of his own imagination, I proceed to other parts of this history.

## C H A P. VI.

*In which several things are touched upon.*

WHEN this great affair was over, the marriage came next upon the carpet; the celebration of which was fixed for *Easter* week; but Mr. *Chace* recollecting in time that it would interfere with *Newmarket* races, procured a reprieve till the week following. At his return from those *Olympic* games, the nuptials

nuptials were celebrated before a general assembly of their relations, and the happy couple were conducted to bed in public with great demonstrations of joy. The bridegroom took possession of the bride, and Sir Thomas took possession of Mr. Chace's estate.

WHEN they had shewn their new cloaths a little in *London*, they set out in a body for the country; and in a few days afterwards, the lodgings on the first floor were taken by a lady, who passed under the fictitious name of Mrs. *Caryl*. The hasty manner, in which she made her agreement, infused a suspicion into our milliner from the very beginning; and many circumstances soon concurred to persuade her, that her new lodger was a wife eloped from her husband. For besides that she came into her lodgings late in the evening, she seemed to affect a privacy in all her actions, which plainly evidenced, that she was afraid of some discovery; and this increased our milliner's curiosity in proportion as the other seemed less inclined to gratify it. But an event soon happened to confirm her conjectures; for three days after the lady's arrival, a chair stopped at the



door one evening near ten o'clock, from whence alighted a well-drest man about forty years old, who wrapping himself up in a red cloak, proceeded hastily up stairs, as if desirous to conceal himself from observation. This adventure favoured so strongly of intrigue, that it was no wonder our milliner contrived to meet him in the passage, to satisfy her curiosity with a survey of his features; for people, in whom that passion predominates, often find the greatest consolation from knowing the smallest trifles. *Pompey* was still more inquisitive than his mistress, and took courage to follow the gentleman into the dining-room, with a desire, I suppose, of hearing what passed in so fashionable an interview.

THE lady rose from her chair to receive this man of fashion, who saluted her with great complaisance, and hoped she was pleased with her new apartments. 'Yes, my lord,' answered she, 'the people are civilized people enough, and I believe have no suspicion about me——but did they see your lordship come up stairs?' 'Pon my honour, madam,' said the peer, 'I can't tell;

' tell; there was a female figure glided  
 ' by me in the passage, but whether the  
 ' creature made remarks or not, I did  
 ' not stay to observe——Well, madam,  
 ' I hope now I may give you joy of  
 ' your escape, and I dare say you will  
 ' find yourself much happier than you  
 ' was under the ill-usage of a tyrant you  
 ' despised.' The lady then related, with  
 great pleasantry, the manner of her  
 escape, and the difficulties that attended  
 the execution of it; after which she con-  
 cluded with saying, ' I wonder, my lord,  
 ' what my husband is now thinking on?'  
 ' Thinking on!' answered the peer—  
 ' that he's a fool and a blockhead, I  
 ' hope, madam, and deserves to be hang-  
 ' ed for abusing the charms of so divine  
 ' a creature——Good God! was it pos-  
 ' sible for him to harbour an ill-natured  
 ' thought, while he had the pleasure of  
 ' looking in that angelic face?' ' My  
 ' lord,' said the lady, ' I know I have  
 ' taken a very ill step in the eye of the  
 ' world; but I have too much spirit to  
 ' bear ill-usage with patience, and let  
 ' the consequences be what they will, I  
 ' am determined to submit to them, ra-  
 ' ther than be a slave to the ill-humours  
 ' of a man I despised, hated and de-  
 L 5                      ' tested.

‘tested.’ Forbear madam,’ said his lordship, ‘to think of him; my fortune, my interest my sword, are all devoted to your service, and I am ready to execute any command you please to impose upon me—but let us call a more agreeable topic of conversation.’

Soon after this a light, but elegant supper was placed upon the table, and the servants were ordered to retire; for there are certain seasons, when even the Great desire to banish ostentation. The absent husband furnished them with much raillery, and they pictured to themselves continually the surprize he would be in, when first he discovered his wife’s elopement; nor did this man of gallantry and fashion finish his amorous visit till past two o’clock in the morning. As he was going down stairs, he found himself again encountered by the barking of little *Pompey*, whom he snatched up in his arms, and getting hastily into the chair, that waited for him at the door, carried him off with him to his own house.

THRS

# POMPEY THE LITTLE. 227

THIS accomplished person was lord *Marmazet*, husband to that lady, who was so familiar and intimate with the sharper at *Bath*. He was a man of consummate intrigue, a most fortunate adventurer with the fair sex, and had the reputation of uncommon success in his amours. What made this success the more extraordinary was, that in personal charms he had nothing to boast of: nature had given him neither a face or figure to strike the eyes of women; but these deficiencies were abundantly recompensed by a most happy turn of wit, a very brilliant imagination, and extensive knowledge of the world. He had the most insinuating manner of address, the readiest flow of language, and a certain art of laughing women out of their virtue, which few could imitate. It was indeed scarce possible to withstand the allurements of his conversation; and what is odd enough, the number of affairs he had been concerned in, were so far from frightening ladies from his acquaintance, that on the contrary it was fashionable and modish to cultivate an intimacy with him. They knew the danger of putting themselves in his way,  
and



and yet were ambitious of giving him opportunities.

THE lady we have just now seen with him, had been his neighbour in the country, a very handsome woman under the tyranny of an ill-natured husband. This his lordship knew, and concluding that her aversion to her husband would make her an easy prey to a lover, watched every opportunity of being alone with her. In these stolen interviews he employed all his eloquence to seduce her, and won upon her so much by his flattering representation of things, that at length she courageously eloped from her tyrant, and put herself into private lodgings under the protection of his lordship. The reader need not be told that this ended in the utter ruin of the lady, who finding her reputation lost, and her passionate lover soon growing indifferent, took refuge in citron waters, and by the help of those cordial lenitives of sorrow, soon bade adieu to the world and all its cares.

**CHAP.**

CHAP. VII.

*Matrimonial amusements.*

WHEN our hero waked the next morning, and found himself in new apartments, the first thing he did was to piss on a pair of velvet breeches, which lay in a chair by his lordship's bedside; after which, the door being open, he travelled forth, and performed a much more disreputable action on a rich *Turkey* carpet in my lady's dining-room. Having thus taken possession of his new house by these two acts of *seisin*, he returned to the bed-side, and reposed himself again to sleep till his lord should please to be stirring.

ABOUT ten o'clock lord *Marmazet* raised himself up in his bed, and rang his bell for servants to assist him in the fatigue of putting on his cloaths. The valet in chief immediately attended, undrew the curtains, and respectfully enquired his master's pleasure. In answer to which his lordship signifying that he would get up, *Guillaume* folded his stockings, placed his slippers by the bed-side, and

and was going to present him with his breeches—when lo! the crime our hero had been guilty of stared him full in the face, and gave such an air of surprize to his features, that his lordship could not help asking what was the matter. *Guillaume* then related the misdemeanor, at which his master was so far from being angry, that he only laughed at the astonishment of his valet, and calling the dog upon the bed, caressed him with as much tenderness, as if he had performed the most meritorious action in the world. Then turning again to his servant, ‘ what does the booby stare at, cries he, ‘ with such amazement? I wish ‘ to G—d the dog had pissed in thy ‘ mouth. Prythee get a fresh pair of ‘ breeches, and let me rise—or am I to ‘ lie a-bed till midnight?’

As soon as he was dressed in his morning dishabille, he went down stairs to breakfast; in which our hero bore him company, and had the honour of eating roll and butter in great magnificence. When breakfast was over, he recollected that it might now be time to send up compliments to his lady, which he generally performed every morning; and  
imagining

imagining that she would not be displeased with the present of so pretty a dog, 'here, *Guillaume*,' said he, 'take this little dog, and carry him up stairs to your lady. My compliments, and desire to know how her ladyship does this morning. Tell her I found him —pox take him, I don't know where I found him, but he's a pretty little fellow, and I am sure she must be pleased with him.'

THO' the reader must from hence conclude that lord and lady *Marmazet* reposed themselves in different beds at night, he will not, I imagine, be surprised at such a circumstance in this accomplished and fashionable age. Her ladyship was a woman of great wit, pleasure and amour, as well as her husband, only with a little more reserve and caution, to save appearances with the world. Her familiarity with a sharper at *Bath*, may have already given the reader some little sketch of her character; and for the rest it will be only necessary to inform him, that she had spent the greatest part of her life in *St. James's* parish. Her husband had married her without the temptation of love, because she was



a rich heiress of a noble family; and she had consented to the match, with an equal indifference, only because it preserved her rank and station in the world. In consequence they soon grew totally unconcerned about each other; but then, being both of easy chearful tempers, their indifference did not sour into hatred; on the contrary, they made it a topic of wit, when they met, to railly one another on their mutual amours. These meetings indeed were not very frequent, once or twice a week perhaps at dinner, at which times they behaved with the utmost politeness and complaisance; or if they railed, it was done with so much gaiety and good-humour, that they only parted with the greater spirits to their evening amusements. In short, his lordship pursued his pleasures without any domestic expostulations, and her ladyship in return was permitted to live in all respects, as *Juvenal* expresses it, *tanquam vicina mariti*, more like her husband's neighbour than his wife.

HER ladyship was now just awake, and taking her morning tea in bed, when *Guillaume* ascended the stairs, and knocked at her chamber-door. The waiting gentle-

gentlewoman being ordered out to see who it was, returned immediately to the bed-side with a dog in her arms, and delivered the message that accompanied him. As her ladyship had never in her life discovered any fondness for these four-footed animals, she could not conceive the meaning of such a present, and with some disdain in her countenance ordered 'the fellow to carry back his 'puppies again to his master.' But when the servant was gone down stairs, bethinking herself that there might be some joke in it, which she did not perceive, and resolving not to be out-done by her husband in wit, she asked her maid eagerly, if there was any such thing as a cat in the house. 'A cat, 'my lady!' cries the waiting gentlewoman, 'yes, my lady, I believe there 'is such a thing to be found.' 'Well 'then,' said her ladyship, 'go and catch 'it directly, and carry it with my compliments to his lordship. Let him 'know I am infinitely obliged to him 'for his present, and have sent him a 'cat in return for his dog.'

THE maid simpered without offering to stir, as not indeed conceiving her mistress

mistress to be in earnest; but having the orders repeated to her, she set out immediately to fulfil them. After much laughter below stairs among the servants, a cat at length was caught, and the waiting-maid went with it in her arms to his lordship's dressing room. Having rapped at the door, and being ordered to enter, with a face half-blushing and half-smiling, she delivered her message in the following terms. 'My lady desires her compliments to your lordship, and begs the favour of you to accept of THIS, in return for your dog.' After which dropping the grave mouser on the floor, she was preparing to run away with all haste, being ready to burst with laughter. But his lordship, who was no less diverted, called her back, and having entertained himself with many jokes on the occasion, sent her up-stairs with a fresh message to her mistress. This was immediately returned on the part of her ladyship, and many little pieces of raillery were carried backwards and forwards, which perhaps might not be unentertaining: but as we are sensible with what contempt these little incidents will be received by the reader, if he happens to be

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be a judge, a politician, or an alderman, we shall dwell no longer on them, and here put an end to the chapter.

### C H A P. VIII.

*Describing the miseries of a garretteer poet.*

**N**OT long after this, as lord *Marmazet* was sitting in his study, reading some papers of state, with our hero under his chair; *Guillaume* entered the room, and informed him that Mr. *Rhymer* the poet was below. ‘Curse ‘Mr. *Rhymer* the poet, and you too ‘for an egregious blockhead,’ cries his lordship; ‘why the devil did you let ‘the fellow in? tell him, his last political pamphlet is execrable nonsense, ‘and unintelligible jargon, and I am ‘not at leisure to see him this morning.’ ‘My lord,’ replied the valet, ‘he begged me to present his humble ‘duty to your lordship, and to inform ‘you, that a small gratuity would be ‘very acceptable at present, for it seems ‘his wife is ready to lie-in, and he says, ‘he has not six-pence to defray the expences of her groaning.’ ‘How,’ cries his lordship, ‘has that fellow the ‘impudence



‘ impudence to beget children? the  
‘ dog pretends here to be starving, and  
‘ yet has the assurance to deal in pro-  
‘ creation——Prythee, *Guillaume*, what  
‘ sort of a woman is his wife? have you  
‘ ever seen her?’ ‘ Yes, my lord,’  
answered the trusty valet; ‘ I have had  
‘ the honour of seeing the lady, but I  
‘ am afraid she would have no great  
‘ temptations for your lordship; for the  
‘ poor gentlewoman has the misfortune  
‘ to squint a little, which does not give  
‘ a very bewitching air to her counte-  
‘ nance, besides which, she has the ac-  
‘ complishment of red hair into the  
‘ bargain.’ ‘ Well then,’ cries the peer,  
‘ turn the hound out of doors, and bid  
‘ him go to the devil. Pox take him,  
‘ if he had a handsome wife, I might  
‘ be tempted to encourage him a little;  
‘ but how can he expect my favour  
‘ without doing any thing to deserve  
‘ it?’ ‘ Then your lordship won’t be  
‘ pleased to send him a small acknow-  
‘ ledgment,’ said the valet de chambre.  
‘ No,’ replied the peer, ‘ I have no  
‘ money to fling away on poets and  
‘ hackney-writers; let the fellow eat  
‘ his own works, if he is hungry.——  
‘ Hold, stay, I have thought better of  
‘ it;

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‘ it; here *Guillaume*, take this little dog,  
 ‘ since my wife won’t have him, and  
 ‘ carry him to the poet. My service  
 ‘ to the gentleman, and desire him to  
 ‘ keep him for my sake.’

GUILLAUME was a man of some little  
 humour, which had promoted him to  
 the dignity of first pimp in ordinary to  
 his lordship, and perceiving that his  
 master had a mind to divert himself this  
 morning with the miseries of an unhappy  
 poet, he resolved that the joke should  
 not be lost in passing through his hands.  
 Taking the dog therefore from his lord-  
 ship, he made haste down stairs, and  
 accosted the expecting bard in the fol-  
 lowing manner: ‘ Sir! his lordship is  
 ‘ very busy this morning, and not at  
 ‘ leisure to see you, but he speaks very  
 ‘ kindly of you, and begs you would  
 ‘ do him the favour to accept of this  
 ‘ beautiful little *Bologna* lap-dog.’ ‘ Ac-  
 ‘ cept of a lap-dog,’ cried the poet with  
 astonishment; ‘ bless me! what is the  
 ‘ matter? surely there must be some  
 ‘ mistake, Mr. *Guillaume*! for I cannot  
 ‘ readily conceive of what use a *Bologna*  
 ‘ lap-dog can be to me.’ ‘ Sir,’ replied  
 the valet-de-chambre, ‘ you may de-  
 ‘ pend

‘pend upon it, his lordship had some  
‘reason for making you this present,  
‘which it does not become us to guess  
‘at.’ ‘No,’ said the bard, ‘I would  
‘not presume to dive into his lordship’s  
‘councils; but really now, Mr. *Guillaume*,  
‘a few guineas in present cash would be  
‘rather more serviceable to me than a  
‘*Bologna* lap-dog, and more comfort-  
‘able to my poor wife and children.’  
‘Sir,’ said the valet, ‘you must not  
‘distrust his lordship’s generosity: great  
‘statesmen, Mr. *Rhymer*, always do  
‘things in a different manner from the  
‘rest of the world: there is usually  
‘something a little mysterious in their  
‘conduct; but assure yourself, sir, this  
‘dog will be the fore-runner of a hand-  
‘some annuity, and it would be the  
‘greatest affront imaginable not to re-  
‘ceive him.—You must never refuse  
‘any thing, which the Great esteem a  
‘favour, Mr. *Rhymer*, on any account;  
‘even tho’ it should involve you and  
‘your family in everlasting ruin. His  
‘lordship desired that you would keep  
‘the dog for his sake, sir, and there-  
‘fore you may be sure he has a particu-  
‘lar regard for you, when he sends you  
‘such a memorial of his affection.’

THE

THE unhappy poet finding he could extort nothing from the unfeeling hands of his patron, was obliged to retire with the dog under his arms, and climbed up in a disconsolate mood to his garret, where he found his wife cooking the scrag end of a neck of mutton for dinner. The mansions of this son of *Apollo* were very contracted, and one would have thought it impossible for one single room to have served so many domestic purposes; but good housewifery finds no difficulties, and penury has a thousand inventions, which are unknown to ease and wealth. In one corner of these poetical apartments stood a flock-bed, and underneath it, a green jordan presented itself to the eye, which had collected the nocturnal urine of the whole family, consisting of Mr. *Rhymer*, his wife, and two daughters. Three rotten chairs and a half seemed to stand like traps in various parts of the room, threatening downfalls to unwary strangers; and one solitary table in the middle of this aerial garret, served to hold the different treasures of the whole family. There were now lying upon it the first act of a comedy, a pair of yellow stays,

two



two political pamphlets, a plate of bread-and-butter, three dirty night-caps, and a volume of miscellany poems. The lady of the house was drowning a neck of mutton, as we before observed, in meagre soup, and the two daughters sat in the window, mending their father's brown stockings with blue worsted. Such were the mansions of Mr. Rhymer, the poet, which I heartily recommend to the repeated perusal of those unhappy gentlemen, who feel in themselves a growing inclination to that mischievous, damnable, and destructive science.

As soon as Mr. Rhymer entered the chamber, his wife deserted her cookery, to enquire the success of his visit, on which the comforts of her lying-in so much depended; and seeing a dog under her husband's arm, 'Bless me, my dear!' said she, 'why do you bring home that filthy creature, to eat up our victuals? Thank heaven, we have got more mouths already, than we can satisfy, and I am sure we want no addition to our family.' 'Why, my dear,' answered the poet, 'his lordship did me the favour to present me this morning with this beautiful little Bo-

logna

‘logna lap-dog.’ ‘Present you with a  
 ‘lap-dog,’ cried the wife interrupting  
 him, ‘what is it you mean, Mr. Rhy-  
 ‘mer? but, however, I am glad his  
 ‘lordship was in so bountiful a humour,  
 ‘for I am sure then he has given you a  
 ‘purse of guineas to maintain the dog.  
 ‘—Well, I vow it was a very gen-  
 ‘teel way of making a present, and I  
 ‘shall love the little fool for his master’s  
 ‘sake.—Great men do things with so  
 ‘much address always, that one is trans-  
 ‘ported as much with their politeness  
 ‘as their generosity.’ Here the unhappy  
 bard shook his head, and soon unde-  
 ceived his wife, by informing her of all  
 that had passed in his morning’s visit.  
 ‘How,’ said she, ‘no money with the  
 ‘dog? Mr. Rhymer, I am amazed that  
 ‘you will submit to such usage. Don’t  
 ‘you see that they make a fool, and an  
 ‘ass, and a laughing-stock of you?  
 ‘Why did you take their filthy dog?  
 ‘I’ll have his brains dashed out this mo-  
 ‘ment.—Mr. Rhymer, if you had kept  
 ‘on your tallow-chandler’s shop, I and  
 ‘mine should have had wherewithal to  
 ‘live; but you must court the draggle-  
 ‘tail muses forsooth, and a fine provi-  
 ‘sion they have made for you.—Here I  
 M ‘expect

‘ expect to be brought to bed every day,  
‘ and you have not money to buy pap  
‘ and caudle.— O curse your lords and  
‘ your political pamphlets! I am sure I  
‘ have reason to repent the day that ever  
‘ I married a poet.’ ‘ Madam,’ said  
*Rhymer*, exasperated at his wife’s con-  
versation, ‘ you ought rather to bless  
‘ the day, that married you to a gentle-  
‘ man, whose soul despises mechanical  
‘ trades, and is devoted to the noblest  
‘ science in the universe. Poetry, ma-  
‘ dam, like virtue, is its own reward;  
‘ but you have a vulgar notion of things,  
‘ you have an illiberal attachment to  
‘ money, and had rather be frying grease  
‘ in a tallow-chandler’s shop, than listen-  
‘ ing to the divine rhapsodies of the  
‘ *Heliconian* maids. ’Tis true, madam,  
‘ his lordship has not recompensed my  
‘ labours according to expectation this  
‘ morning, but what of that? he bid  
‘ me proceed in the execution of my  
‘ design, and undoubtedly means to re-  
‘ ward me. Lords are often destitute  
‘ of cash, as well as poets, and perhaps  
‘ I came upon him a little unseasonably,  
‘ when his coffers were empty; but I  
‘ auspicate great things from his present  
‘ of a dog.—A dog, madam, is the  
‘ emblem

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 243

'emblem of fidelity.' 'The emblem  
 'of a fiddle stick!' cried the wife, in-  
 'terrupting him, 'I tell you, Mr. *Rhymer*,  
 'you are a fool, and have ruined your  
 'family by your senseless whims and  
 'projects. — A gentleman, quotha!  
 'Yes, forsooth, a very fine gentleman  
 'truly, that has hardly a shirt to his  
 'back, or a pair of shoes to his feet.—  
 'Look at your daughters there in the  
 'window, and see whether they appear  
 'like a gentleman's daughters; and for  
 'my part, I have not an under-petticoat  
 'that I can wear.—You have had three  
 'plays damned, Mr. *Rhymer*, and one  
 'would think that might have taught  
 'you a little prudence; but, deuce fetch  
 'me, if you shall write any more, for  
 'I'll burn all this nonsense that lies upon  
 'the table.' So saying, she flew like a  
*Bacchanal* fury at his works, and with  
 savage hands was going to commit them  
 to the flames, had she not been inter-  
 rupted by her husband's voice, crying  
 out with impatience, 'lee, lee, lee, my  
 'dear! the pot boils over, and the  
 'broth is all running away into the fire.'  
 This luckily put an end to their alterca-  
 tion, and postponed the sacrifice that was  
 going to be made; they then sat down



to dinner without a table-cloth, and made a wretched meal, envying one another every morsel that escaped their own mouths. And 'tis highly probable poor *Pompey* would soon have fallen a sacrifice to hunger, and been served up at Mr. *Rhymer's* poetical table, had not an accident luckily happened, to relieve him from this scene of misery, squalidness, and poetry.

## CHAP. IX.

*A poetical feast, and squabble of authors.*

AFTER dinner was over, Mr. *Rhymer* sat himself down to an epic poem, which was then on the anvil, and his head not being clouded with any fumes of indigestion, he worked at it very laboriously till eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Then he took his hat, and went out to meet a club of authors, who assembled every *Monday* night, at a little dirty dog-hole of a tavern in *Shire-lane*, to eat tripe, drink porter, and pass their judgments on the books of the preceding week. *Pompey* waited on his master; for as Mrs. *Rhymer* had resolutely vowed his destruction, the good-natured

natured bard did not chuse to leave him at her mercy.

ON their arrival in the club-room, they found there assembled a free-thinking writer of moral essays, a no-thinking scribler of magazines, a *Scotch* translator of *Greek* and *Latin* authors, a *Grub-street* bookseller, and a *Fleet* parson. These worthy gentlemen immediately surrounded Mr. *Rhymer* with great vociferation, and began to curse him for staying so long, declaring it would be entirely his fault, if the tripe was spoilt, which they very much feared. To prevent which however, they now ordered it to be served up with all possible expedition, and on its appearance, fell to work with the quickest dispatch. The reader will believe that little or no conversation passed among them at table, their mouths being much too busily employed to have any leisure for discourse; but when the tripe was quite consumed, and innumerable slices of toasted cheese at the end of it, they then began to exercise their tongues as readily as they had before done their teeth.

By odd luck, every one of these great advancers of modern literature, happened to have a dog attending him; and as the gentlemen drew round the fire after supper in a ring, the dogs likewise made an interior semi-circle, sitting between the legs of their respective masters. This could not escape the observation of the company, and many trite reflections began to be made on their fidelity, their attachment to man, and above all, on the felicity of their condition; for a dog sleeping before a fire, is by all people esteemed an emblem of complete happiness. At length, they struck into a higher conversation. ‘Gentlemen!’ says the free-thinker, ‘I should be glad to hear your sentiments concerning reason and instinct. I have a curious treatise now by me, which I design very soon to astonish the world with. ’Tis upon a subject perfectly new, and those dogs there put me in the head of it. The clergy I know will be up in arms against me, but no matter; I’ll publish my opinions in spite of all the priests in *Europe*.’

HERE the *Fleet* parson, thinking himself concerned, took his pipe from his mouth with great deliberation, and said, 'I don't know what your opinions may be, but I hope you don't design to publish any thing to the disadvantage of that sacred order to which I belong: if you do sir, I believe you'll find pens enough ready to answer you.'

'Yes, sir, no doubt I shall,' replied the free-thinker, 'and who cares for that? perhaps you, sir, may do me the honour to be my antagonist, but I defy you all?—I defy the whole body of the priesthood. Sir, I love to advance a paradox; I love a paradox at my heart, sir! and I'll—I'll shew you some sport very shortly.'

'WHAT do you mean by sport, sir?' cries the doctor—'If you write as you talk, I hope you'll be set in the pillory for your sport.'

'You are bloody complaisant, sir,' returned the free-thinker; 'but I'd have you to know we are not come to such a pass yet in this country, as



‘ to persecute people for searching after  
 ‘ truth. You priests I know would be  
 ‘ glad to keep us all in ignorance, but  
 ‘ the age won’t be priest-ridden any  
 ‘ longer. There is a noble spirit and  
 ‘ freedom of enquiry now subsisting in  
 ‘ the nation: people are determined to  
 ‘ canvass things freely, and go to the  
 ‘ bottom of all subjects, without re-  
 ‘ garding base prejudices of education.  
 ‘ The shops abound with a number of  
 ‘ fine treatises written every day against  
 ‘ religion, to the honour and glory of  
 ‘ the nation.’

‘ To its shame and damnation rather,’  
 cries the *Fleet* parson; ‘ but what is  
 ‘ your paradox, sir?’

‘ WHY this is my paradox, sir,’ re-  
 plied the free-thinker; ‘ I undertake to  
 ‘ prove that brutes think and have in-  
 ‘ tellectual faculties. That perhaps you’ll  
 ‘ say is no novelty, because many others  
 ‘ have asserted the same thing before me;  
 ‘ but I go farther sir, and maintain that  
 ‘ they are reasonable creatures, and moral  
 ‘ agents.’

‘ AND

‘AND I will maintain that they are mere machines,’ cries the parson, ‘against you and all the atheists in the world. Sir, you may be ashamed to prostitute the noble faculty of reason to the beasts of the field.’

‘DON’T tell me of reason,’ said the free-thinker; ‘I don’t care one half-penny for reason—what is reason, sir?’

‘WHAT is reason, sir?’ resumed the doctor; ‘why reason sir, is a most noble faculty of the soul, the noblest of all the faculties. It discerns and abstracts, and compares and compounds, and all that.’—

‘And roasts eggs too, does it not?’ you forget one of its noble faculties,’ cries the other: ‘but I will maintain that brutes are capable of reason, and they have given manifest proofs of it. Did you never hear of Mr. *Locke’s* parrot, sir, that held a very rational conversation with prince *Maurice* for half an hour together? what say you to that, sir?’

“By my faith, gentlemen!” said the  
-Scotch translator interrupting them, “up-  
“on my word you are got here into a  
“very deep mysterious question, which  
“I do not very well understand what to  
“make of; but by my faith I have  
“always thought brutes to have some-  
“thing particular in their intellectual  
“faculties of their souls, ever since I  
“read what-d’ye-callum there — the  
“*Roman* historian; for why? you know  
“he tells us how the geese discovered  
“to the *Romans* that the *Gauls* were  
“coming to plunder the capitol. Now  
“by my faul, they must have been a  
“d—m’d sensible flock of geese, and  
“very great lovers of their country too,  
“which let me tell you is the greatest  
“virtue under heaven. Besides, doth  
“not *Homer* teach us, that *Ulysses’s* dog  
“*Argus* knew his old master at his re-  
“turn home, after he had been absent  
“ten or twelve years at the siege of *Troy*?  
“now by *Jove* he was a plaguy cunning  
“dog, and had a devilish good memory,  
“otherwise he could not have remembered  
“his old chony so long.”

BEFORE the *Scotchman* had finished his speech, the two other disputants, whose spirits were kindled with controversy, resumed their argument, and fell upon one another again with so much impetuosity, that no voices could be heard but their own. The scene which now ensued, consisted chiefly of noise and scolding, equal to any thing that passes among the orators at *Robin-Hood's* ale-house. In short, there was not a scurrilous term in the *English* language, which was not vented on this occasion; till at length, the *Fleet* parson heated with rage and beer, flung his pipe at his antagonist, and was proceeding to blows, had he not been restrained by the rest of the company. The festivity of the evening being by this means destroyed, the club soon afterwards broke up, and the several members of it retired to their several garrets.

As Mr. *Rhymer* was walking home in a pensive solitary mood, wrapped up in contemplation on the stars of heaven, and perhaps forgetting for a few moments that he had but three pence half-penny in his pocket, two young gentlemen



men of the town, who were upon the hunt after amorous game, followed close at his heels. They quickly smoked him for a *queer fish*, as the phrase is, and began to hope for some diversion at his expence. The moon now shone very bright, and Mr. *Rhymer*, whose eyes were fixed with rapture on that glorious luminary, began to apostrophize her in some poetical strains from *Milton*, which he repeated with great emphasis aloud. In the midst of this, the two gentlemen broke out in a profuse fit of laughter, at which the bard turned round in surprize, but soon recovering himself, he cast a most contemptuous look at them for their ignorance and want of taste. However, as the chain of ideas in his mind was by this means disturbed, he thought it most adviseable to make the best of his way home, and for that purpose called *Pompey* to follow him. *Pompey* indeed made many efforts, and seemed desirous to obey; but in vain the poet called, in vain the dog endeavoured to follow; and it was a long while before Mr. *Rhymer*, whose thoughts were a little muddled with contemplation and porter, found out that the two gentlemen had tied a handkerchief round his neck.

neck. He then stopt to demand his property, but finding himself pretty roughly handled, he began to think his own person in danger. Taking to his heels therefore, he ran away with the utmost precipitation, and left his dog behind him, who on his part was not at all sorry to be delivered from such a master.

## CHAP. X.

*Our hero goes to the university of Cambridge.*

FROM the street, where this fray happened, our hero was introduced to a bagnio, where the two young gentlemen, his new masters, spent their night in the delights of love; and the next morning he set out with one of them for the university of *Cambridge*.

THE young *Cantab*, who now took possession of him, had come up to *London* upon a scheme, as it is called, to treat himself with a masquerade and other diversions of the town. For being a gentleman of a lively, enterprizing temper, he could not brook the dull restraints of a collegiate life, and seldom resided

resided there above three or four days at a time.

He had received the first part of his education at *Westminster* school, where he had acquired what is usually called, a *very pretty knowledge of the town*; that is to say, he had been introduced, at the age of thirteen, into the most noted bagnios, was acquainted with the most celebrated women of pleasure, and could drink his two bottles of claret in an evening, without being greatly disordered in his understanding. At the age of seventeen, it was judged proper for him, merely out of fashion, and to be like other young gentlemen of his acquaintance, to take lodgings at a university; whither he went with a hearty contempt of the place, and a determined resolution never to receive any profit from it.

He had been admitted under a tutor, who knew no more of the world than if he had been bred up in a forest, and whose sour pedantic genius was ill-qualified to cope with the vivacity and spirit of a young gentleman, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, and one who required much

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 255

much address, and very artful management, to make any kind of restraint palatable and easy to him.

HE had been admitted in the rank of a fellow-commoner, which, according to the definition given by a member of the university in a court of justice, is one who sits at the same table, and *enjoys the conversation* of the fellows. It differs from what is called a gentleman-commoner at *Oxford*, not only in the name, but also in the greater privileges and licenses indulged to the members of this order; who do not only *enjoy the conversation of the fellows*, but likewise a full liberty of following their own imaginations in every thing. For as tutors and governors of colleges have usually pretty sagacious noses after preferment, they think it impolitic to cross the inclinations of young gentlemen, who are heirs to great estates, and from whom they expect benefices and dignities hereafter; as rewards for *their want of care of them*, while they were under their protection. From hence it comes to pass, that pupils of this rank are excused from all public exercises, and allowed to absent themselves at pleasure from the private lectures.



tures in their tutors rooms, as often as they have made a party for hunting, or an engagement at the tennis-court, or are not well recovered from their evening's debauch. And whilst a poor unhappy soph, of no fortune, is often expelled for the most trivial offences, or merely to humour the capricious resentment of his tutor, who happens to dislike his face; young noblemen, and heirs of great estates, may commit any illegalities, and, if they please, overturn a college with impunity.

THERE is nothing so wild and ungovernable, as a boy just broke loose from school, and taking his first flight of liberty at a university. This is the case with those, who have been bred up at private schools under some restraint: but as to *Pompey's* master, his school-education had set him very forward in the world, and he came to *Cambridge* much riper than other people leave it. From the first moment he distinguished himself for his intrepid spirit, and was quickly chosen captain-general by his comrades, in all their parties of pleasure, and expeditions of jollity. Many pranks are recorded of his performing, which  
made

made the place resound with his name; but one of his exploits being attended with circumstances of a very droll nature, we cannot forbear relating it.

THERE was in the same college, a young master of arts, *Williams* by name, who had been elected into the society, in preference to one of greater genius and learning, because he used to make a lower bow to the fellows, whenever he passed by them, and was not likely to disgrace any of his seniors by the superiority of his parts. This gentleman concluding now there was no farther occasion of study, after he had obtained a fellowship, which had long been the object of his ambition, gave himself over to pursuits more agreeable to his temper, and spent the chief of his time in drinking tea with barbers, daughters, and other young ladies of fashion in the university, who there take to themselves the name of *misses*, and receive amorous gownsmen at their ruelles. For nothing more is necessary to accomplish a young lady at *Cambridge*, than a second-hand capuchin, a white washing gown, a pair of dirty silk shoes, and long muslin ruffles, in which dress they take the air

in

in the public walks every *Sunday*, to make conquests, and receive their admirers all the rest of the week at their tea-tables. Now *Williams*, having a great deal of dangling good-nature about him, was very successful in winning the affections of these academical misses, and had a large acquaintance among them. The three miss *Higginses*, whose mother kept the sun tavern; miss *Polly Jackson*, a baker's daughter; the celebrated *Fanny Hill*, sole heiress of a taylor, and miss *Jenny* of the coffee-house, were all great admirers of our college-gallant; and fame reported, that he had admission to some of their bed-chambers, as well as to their tea-tables. Upon this presumption, our young fellow-commoner, laid his head together with other young gentlemen, his comrades, to play him a trick, which we now proceed to disclose.

ABOUT this time, a bed-maker of the college was unfortunately brought to-bed, without having any husband to father the child; and as our master of arts was suspected, among others, to have had a share in the generation of the new-born infant, being a gentleman of  
an

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an amorous nature, it occurred to our fellow-commoner to make the following experiment upon him.

As Mr. *Williams* was coming out of his chamber one morning early to go to chapel, he found a basket standing at his door, on the top of his stair-case, with a direction to himself, and a letter tied to the handle of the basket. He stood some little time guessing from whom such a present could come, but as he had expected a parcel from *London* by the coach for a week before, he naturally concluded this to be the same, and that it had been brought by a porter from the inn, and left at his door before he was awake in the morning. With this thought he opened the letter, and read to the following effect.

*Honourable Sir,*

‘ AM surprized should use me in such  
‘ a manner; have never seen one farthing  
‘ of your money, since was brought to-  
‘ bed, which is a shame, and a wicked sin.  
‘ Wherefore have sent you your own bas-  
‘ tard to provide for, and am your duti-  
‘ ful sarvant to command tell death.—

‘ *Betty Trollop.*’

THE



THE astonishment, which seized our master of arts at the perusal of this letter, may easily be imagined, but not so easily described: he turned pale, staggered, and looked like *Banquo's* ghost in the play; but as his conscience excused him from the crime laid to his charge, he resolved, (as soon as his confusion would suffer him to resolve) to make a public example of the wretch, that had dared to lay her iniquities at his door. To this end, as soon as chapel was over, he desired the master of the college to convene all the fellows in the common-room, for he said he had an affair of great consequence to lay before them. When the reverend divan was met according to his desire, he produced the basket, and with an audible voice read the letter, which had been annexed to it: after which he made a long oration on the unparalleled impudence of the harlot, who had attempted to scandalize him in this audacious manner, and concluded with desiring the most exemplary punishment might be inflicted on her; for he said, unless they discouraged such a piece of villainy with proper severity, it might hereafter be their own lots, if they

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 261

they were remiss in punishing the present offender. They all heard him with great astonishment, and many of them seemed to rejoice inwardly, that the basket had not travelled to their doors; as thinking, perhaps, it would have been unfatherly and unnatural to have refused it admittance. At length it was ordered to be unpacked; which was performed by the butler of the college, in presence of the whole fraternity; when lo!—instead of a child puling and crying for its father, out-leaped *Pompey*, the little hero of this little history; who had been enclosed in that osier confinement by his young master, and convey'd very early in the morning to Mr. *Williams's* chamber-door. The grave assembly were astonished and enraged at the discovery, finding themselves convened only to be ridiculed; and all of them gazed on our hero with the same kind of aspect, as did the daughters of *Cecrops* on the deformed *Erichthonius*, when their curiosity tempted them to peep into the basket, which *Minerva* had put into their hands, with positive commands to the contrary.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XI.

*Adventures at Cambridge.*

**WILLIAMS**, tho' much ashamed and out of countenance, was yet in his heart very glad to be relieved from the apprehensions of maintaining a bastard, which he imagined would add no great lustre to his reputation as fellow of a college. When therefore *Pompey* escaped out of his wicker prison, he was in reality pleased with the discovery, which put an end to his fears, and feigning himself diverted with the thing, took the little dog home to his own chambers.

**THIS** was an adventure of the comic kind, attended with no ill consequences to our hero; but we now proceed to relate one of a very tragic nature indeed, which fortune seems to have reserved in store, as the utmost stretch of her malice, to compleat the miseries of his unhappy life.

**THERE** flourished in this college, or rather was beginning to flourish, a young physician, who now stood candidate for  
fame

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 263

fame and practice. He had equipped himself with a gilt-headed cane, a black suit of cloaths, a wise mysterious face, a full-bottomed flowing peruke, and all other externals of his profession: so that, if according to the inimitable *Swift*, the various members of a common-wealth are only so many different suits of cloaths, this gentleman was amply qualified for the discharge of his office. But not chusing to rely totally on his dress to introduce him into business, he was willing to add to it a supplimental, and as many think, superfluous knowledge of his art.

ABOUT this time, a member of the university died in great torments of the iliac passion, and some peculiarities in his case made a noise among the faculty of *Cambridge*. The theory of this terrible disorder, caused by the cessation of the peristaltic motion of the guts, our young doctor very well understood; but not contenting himself with theory only, he resolved to go a step farther, and for this purpose, cast his eyes about after some dog, intending to dissect him alive for the satisfaction of his curiosity.

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A dog might have been the emblematic animal of *Esculapius* or *Apollo*, with as much propriety as he was of *Mercury*; for no creatures I believe have been of more eminent service to the healing tribe than dogs. Incredible is the number of these animals, who have been sacrificed from time to time at the shrines of physic and surgery. Lectures of anatomy subsist by their destruction; *Ward* (says *Mr. Pope*) tried his drop on puppies and the poor; and in general all new medicines and experiments of a doubtful nature are sure to be made in the first place on the bodies of these unfortunate animals. Their very ordure is one of the chief articles of the *Materia Medica*; and I am persuaded, if the old *Egyptians* had any physician among them, they certainly described him by the hieroglyphic of a dog.

BUT not to spend too much time in these conjectures, our young doctor had no sooner resolved to satisfy himself concerning the peristaltic motion of the guts, than unluckily, in an evil hour, *Pompey* presented himself to his eye. More unluckily for him still, neither his master  
Mr.

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 265

Mr. *Williams*, nor any other of his college-friends happened to be present, or within view at this moment. *Macbaon* therefore very boldly seized him as a victim, and conveyed him into a little dark place near his room, which he called his cellar, and in which he kept his wine. There he shut him up three or four days in the condemned hole, while he prepared his chirurgical instruments, and invited some other young practitioners in physick of his acquaintance to be present at our hero's dissection.

THE day being soon appointed for his death, the company assembled at their friend's room in the morning at breakfast, where much sapient discourse passed among them concerning the operation in hand, not material to be now related. At length cries the hero of the party, 'Come, gentlemen! we seem I think to have finished our breakfasts, let us now proceed to business:' after which, the tea-things were removed, the instruments of dissection placed on the table, and the doctor went to his cellar to bring forth the unhappy victim.

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AND

AND here, good-natured reader, I am sure it moves thy compassion to think that poor *Pompey*, after suffering already so many misfortunes, must at last be dissected alive to satisfy a physician concerning the peristaltic motion of the guts. The case would indeed be lamentable, if it had happened: but when the doctor came to call him forth to execution, to his great surprize no dog was there to be found. He found however something else not entirely to his satisfaction, and that was his wine streaming in great profusion about his cellar. The truth is, our hero, being grown desperate with hunger, had in his struggles for liberty broke all the bottles, and at last forcibly gnawed his way thro' a deal board, that composd one side of the cellar. The danger however which he had been in, made him sick of universities, and he wished earnestly for an accident, which soon happened, to relieve him from an academic life.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XII.

*The character of a master of arts at a university.*

**A**BOUT this time, three ladies and a gentleman happened to be returning out of the north, and having never seen *Cambridge*, were inclined to make it in their way to *London*. The gentleman whom they had been visiting in the country, knowing this resolution, sent a letter before-hand to Mr. *Williams*, who had been his fellow-collegiate, in which he advertised him of the arrival of the party, and desired him to be assistant in shewing them the curiosities of *Cambridge*. And this gives us an opportunity of explaining some farther particulars in that gentleman's character, being not an uncommon one, I believe, in either of our universities.

IF we were in a hurry to describe him, it might be done effectually in two or three words, by calling him *a most egregious trifler*; but as we have leisure to be a little more circumstantial,



the reader shall be troubled with a day's journal of his actions.

MR. *Williams* was, in the first place, a man of the most punctilious neatness; his shoes were always blacked in the nicest manner, his wigs were powdered with the exactest delicacy, and he would scold his laundress for a whole morning together, if he discovered a wry plait in the sleeve of his shirt, or the least speck of dirt on any part of his linen. He rose constantly to chapel, and proceeded afterwards with great importance to breakfast, which, moderately speaking, took up two hours of his morning. When this was over, he amused himself either in pairing his nails, or watering two or three orange-trees, which he kept in his chamber, or in tilling a little spot of ground, about six feet square, which he called his garden, or in changing the situation of the few books in his study. The *Spectators* were removed into the place of the *Tatlers*, and the *Tatlers* into the place of the *Spectators*. But generally speaking, he drew on his boots immediately after breakfast, and rode out for the air, having been told that a sedentary life is destructive

## POMPEY THE LITTLE. 269

destructive of the constitution, and that too much study impairs the health. At his return home, he had barely time to wash his hands, clean his teeth, and put on a fresh-powdered wig, before the college-bell summoned him to dinner in the public hall. His afternoons were spent in drinking tea with the young ladies above-mentioned, who all esteemed him a prodigious genius, and were ready to laugh at his wit, before he opened his mouth. In these agreeable visits he remained till the time of evening chapel; after which, supper succeeded to find him fresh employment; from whence he repaired to the coffee-house, and then to some engagement at a friend's room, for the remaining part of the evening. By this account of his day's transactions, the reader will see how very impossible it was for him to find leisure for study, in the midst of so many important avocations; yet notwithstanding this great variety of business, he made a shift sometimes to play half a tune on the *German* flute in a morning, and once in a quarter of a year, took the pains to transcribble a sermon out of various authors.

ANOTHER part of his character was a great affectation of politeness, which is more pretended to in universities, where less of it is practised, than in any other part of the kingdom. Thus Mr. *Williams* was always talking of *genteel life*, to which end he was plentifully provided with stories by a female cousin, who kept a milliner's shop in *London*, and never failed to let him know by letters what passed among *the Great*; tho' she frequently mistook the names of people, and attributed scandal to one lord, which was the property of another. Her cousin however did not find out the mistakes, but retailed her blunders about the colleges with great confidence and security.

BUT nothing pleased him more than shewing the university to strangers, and especially to ladies, which he thought gave him an air of acquaintance with the genteel world; and on such occasions he would affect to make expensive entertainments, which neither his private fortune, or the income of his fellowship could afford.

To

To this gentleman, the party we have before spoken of, was recommended; and he had lived in expectation of their coming for several days together, in consequence of his friend's letter. At length they arrived, and sent him a message from their inn, desiring the favour of his company at supper. This he no sooner received, than he posted away with all imaginable dispatch, and with many academical compliments welcomed them to *Cambridge*. Nor did he depart to his college, till he had made them promise to dine with him at his chambers the succeeding day.

EARLY then the next morning he rose with the lark, and held a consultation with the college cook concerning the entertainment: For as he had never yet been honoured with company of so high a rank, he resolved to do what was handsome, and send them away with an opinion of his politeness. Among many other devices he had *to be genteel*, one very well deserves mentioning, being of a very academical nature indeed; for he was at the expence of purchasing a *China vase* of a certain shape, which sometimes



passes under a more vulgar name, to set in his bed-chamber; that if the ladies should chuse to retire after dinner, for the sake of *looking at the pattern of his bed*, or to *see the prospect out of his window*, or from any other motive of curiosity, they might have the pleasure of *being served in China*.

WHEN these affairs were settled, he dressed himself in his best array, and went to bid the ladies good-morrow. As soon as they had breakfasted, he conducted them about the university, and shewed them all the rarities of *Cambridge*. They observed, 'that such a thing was  
' very grand, that another thing was very  
' neat, and that there were a great many  
' books in the libraries, which they  
' thought it impossible for any man to  
' read through, tho' he was to live as  
' long as *Methuselah*.'

WHEN their curiosity was satisfied, and *Williams* had indulged every wish of vanity, in being seen to escort ladies about the university, and to hand them out of their coach, they all retired to his chambers to dinner. Much conversation passed, not worth recording, and  
when

when the cloth was taken away, little *Pompey* was produced on the table for the ladies to admire him. They were greatly struck with his beauty; and one of them took courage to ask him as a present, which the complaisant master of arts, in his great civility, complied with, and immediately delivered him into the lady's hands. He likewise related the story, how he came into his possession, which another person perhaps would have suppressed, but *Williams* was so transported with his company, that he was half out of his wits with joy, and his conversation was as ridiculous as his behaviour.

## C H A P. XIII.

*Pompey returns to London, and occasions a remarkable dispute in the Mall.*

ONCE more then our hero set out for the metropolis of *Great Britain*, and after an easy journey of two days arrived at a certain square, where his mistresses kept their court. To these ladies, not improperly might be applied the question which *Archer* asks in the play, *Pray which of you three is the old*

*lady?* the mother being full as youthful and airy as the daughters, and the daughters almost as ancient as the mother.

Now as fortune often disposes things in the most whimsical and surprizing manner, so it happened, that one of his mistresses took him with her one morning into *St. James's Park*, and set him down on his legs almost in the very same part of the *Mall*, from whence he had formerly made his escape from lady *Tempest* near eight years before, as is recorded in the first part of his history. Her ladyship was walking this morning for the air, and happened to pass by almost at the very instant that the little adventurer was set on his legs to take his diversion. She spied him in a moment, with great quickness of discernment, and immediately recollecting her old acquaintance, caught him up in her arms, and fell to kissing him with the highest extravagance of joy. His present owner perceiving this, and thinking only that the lady was pleased with the beauty of her dog, and had a mind to compliment him with a few kisses, passed on without interrupting her: but when she saw her ladyship preparing to carry him out  
of

of the *Mall* in her arms, she advanced hastily towards her, and redemanded her favourite in the following terms : ‘ Pray, ‘ madam, what is your ladyship going ‘ to do with that dog ?’ Lady *Tempest* replied, ‘ Nothing in the world, ‘ madam, but take him home with me.’ ‘ And pray, madam, what right has ‘ your ladyship to take a dog that belongs to me ?’ ‘ None, my dear !’ answered lady *Tempest* ; ‘ but I take him, ‘ child, because he belongs to me.’ ‘ ’Tis false,’ said the other lady, ‘ I ‘ aver it to be false ; he was given me ‘ by a gentleman of *Cambridge*, and I ‘ insist upon your ladyship’s replacing ‘ him upon his legs, this individual moment.’ To this, lady *Tempest* replied only with a sneer, and was walking off with our hero ; which so greatly aggravated the rage of her antagonist, that she now lost all patience, and began to exert herself in a much higher key. ‘ Madam,’ said she, ‘ I would have you ‘ to know, madam, that I am not to ‘ be treated in this *superlative manner*. ‘ Your ladyship may affect to sneer, if ‘ you please, madam, and shew a contempt, madam, which is more due to ‘ your own actions than to me, madam ;

I

for,



‘ for, thank heaven, I have some regard  
‘ to decency in my actions.’ ‘ Dear,  
‘ Miss! don’t be in a passion,’ replied  
lady *Tempest*; ‘ it will spoil your com-  
‘ plexion, child, and perhaps ruin your  
‘ fortune—but will you be pleased  
‘ to know, my dear, that I lost this dog  
‘ eight years ago in the *Mall*, and adver-  
‘ tized him in all the new-papers, tho’  
‘ you or your friend at *Cambridge*, who  
‘ did me the favour to steal him, were  
‘ not so obliging as to restore him?—  
‘ And will you be pleased to know like-  
‘ wise, young lady, that I have a right  
‘ to take my property wherever I find  
‘ it.’ ‘ ’Tis impossible,’ cried the other  
lady, ‘ ’tis impossible to remember a  
‘ dog after eight years absence; I aver  
‘ it to be impossible, and nothing shall  
‘ persuade me to believe it.’ ‘ I protest,  
‘ my dear,’ answered lady *Tempest*, ‘ I  
‘ know not what sort of a memory you  
‘ may be blest with, but really, I can  
‘ remember things of a much longer  
‘ date; and as a fresh instance of my  
‘ memory, I think, my dear, I remem-  
‘ ber you representing the character of a  
‘ young lady for near these twenty years  
‘ about town.’ ‘ Madam,’ returned the  
lady of inferior rank, now inflamed with  
the

the highest indignation; ‘ you may remember yourself, madam, representing  
 ‘ a much worse character, madam, for  
 ‘ a greater number of years. It would  
 ‘ be well, madam, if your memory was  
 ‘ not altogether so good, madam, unless  
 ‘ your actions were better.’

THE war of tongues now began to rage with the greatest violence, and nothing was spared that wit could suggest on the one side, or malice on the other. The beaux, and belles, and witlings, who were walking that morning in the *Mall*, assembled round the combatants, at first out of curiosity, and for the sake of entertainment; but they soon began to take sides in the dispute, till at length it became one universal scene of wrangle; and no cause in *Westminster-Hall* was ever more puzzled by the multitude of voices all contending at once for the victory. At last, lady *Tempest* scorning this ungenerous altercation, told her adversary,  
 ‘ Well, Madam, if you please to scold  
 ‘ for the publick diversion, pray continue; but for my part, I shall no  
 ‘ longer make myself the *spectacle* of a  
 ‘ mob.’ And so saying, she walked courageously off with little *Pompey* under her arm.

arm. It was impossible for her rival to prevent her; who likewise immediately after quitted the *Mall*, and flew home, ready to burst with shame, spite, and indignation.

LADY *Tempest* had not been long at her toilette, before the following little scroll was brought to her; and she was informed, that a footman waited below in great hurry for an answer. The note was to this effect.

*Madam,*

‘ If it was possible for me to wonder at  
‘ any of your actions, I should be astonish-  
‘ ed at your behaviour of this morning.  
‘ Restore my dog by the bearer of this let-  
‘ ter, or by the living G—d, I will imme-  
‘ diately commence a prosecution against  
‘ you in chancery, and recover him by  
‘ force of law.

‘ *Yours—*

LADY *Tempest*, without any hesitation, returned the following answer.

*Madam,*

*Madam,*

‘ I HAVE laughed most heartily at  
‘ your ingenious epistle; and am pro-  
‘ digiously diverted with your menaces  
‘ of a law-suit. *Pompey* shall be ready  
‘ to put in his answer, as soon as he  
‘ hears your bill is filed against him in  
‘ chancery.

‘ *I am, dear miss, yours,*

‘ TEMPEST.’

C H A P. XIV.

*A terrible misfortune happens to our hero,  
which brings his history to a conclusion.*

**T**HIS letter inflamed the lady so much, that she immediately ordered her coach, and drove away to *Lincoln's-Inn*, to consult her solicitor. She found him in his chambers, surrounded with briefs, and haranguing to two gentlemen, who had made him arbitrator in a very important controversy, concerning the dilapidations of a pigstye. On the arrival of our lady, the man of law started from his chair, and conducted



conducted her with much civility to a settee which stood by his fire side; then turning to his two clients, whom he thought he had already treated with a proper quantity of elequence. ‘ Well, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘ when your respective attornies have drawn up your several cases, let them be sent to me, and I’ll give determination upon them with all possible dispatch.’ This speech had the desired effect in driving them away, and as soon as they were gone, addressing himself with an affectation of much politeness to the mistress of little *Pompey*, he began to enquire after the good lady her mother, and the good lady her sister—but our heroine was so impatient to open her cause, that she hardly allowed herself time to answer his questions, before she began in the following manner. ‘ Sir, I was walking this morning in the *Mall*, when a certain extraordinary lady, whose actions are always of a very extraordinary nature, was pleased, in a most peculiar manner, to steal my lap-dog from me.’ ‘ Steal your lap-dog from you, madam!’ said the man of law; ‘ I protest, a very extraordinary transaction indeed! and pray, madam, what could induce her  
to

' to be guilty of such a misbehaviour?'  
 ' Induce her!' cried the lady eagerly;  
 ' sir, she wants no inducement to be  
 ' guilty of any thing that is audacious  
 ' and impudent.—But, sir, I desire you  
 ' would immediately commence a suit  
 ' against her in chancery, and push the  
 ' affair on with all possible rapidity, for  
 ' I am resolved to recover the dog, if it  
 ' costs me ten thousand pounds.' The  
 counsellor smiled, and commended her  
 resolutions; but paused a little, and  
 seemed puzzled at the novelty of the  
 case. ' Madam,' said he, ' undoubt-  
 ' edly your ladyship does right to assert  
 ' your property, for we should all soon  
 ' be reduced to a state of nature, if  
 ' there were no courts of law; and  
 ' therefore your ladyship is highly to  
 ' be applauded—but there is something  
 ' very peculiar in the nature of dogs—  
 ' There is no question, madam, but  
 ' they are to be considered under the  
 ' denomination of property, and not to  
 ' be deemed *feræ naturæ*, things of no  
 ' value, as ignorant people foolishly  
 ' imagine; but I say, madam, there is  
 ' something very peculiar in their na-  
 ' ture, madam.—Their prodigious at-  
 ' tachment to man, inclines them to  
 ' follow

' follow any body that calls them, and  
 ' that makes it so difficult to fix a theft  
 ' —Now, if a man calls a sheep, or  
 ' calls a cow, or calls a horse, why he  
 ' might call long enough before they  
 ' would come, because they are not crea-  
 ' tures of a *following nature*, and there-  
 ' fore our penal laws have made it fe-  
 ' lony with respect to those animals;  
 ' but dogs, madam, have a strange un-  
 ' distinguished proneness to run after  
 ' people's heels.' ' Lord bless me, sir!' said the lady, somewhat angry at the orator's declamation; ' what do you mean, sir, by following people's heels?' ' I do protest and asseverate, that she took him up in her arms, and carried him away in defiance of me, and the whole *Mall* was witness of the theft.' ' Very well, madam, very well,' replied the counsellor, ' I was only stating the case fully on defendant's side, that you might have a comprehensive view the whole affair, before we come to unravel it all again, and shew the advantages on the side of plaintiff.— Now tho' a dog be of a *following nature*, as I observed, and may be sometimes tempted, and seduced, and inveigled away in such a manner, as  
 ' makes

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‘ makes it difficult—do you observe me  
‘ —makes it difficult, I say, madam,  
‘ to fix a theft on the person seducing;  
‘ yet, wherever property is discovered  
‘ and claimed, if the possessor refuses to  
‘ restore it on demand,—on demand, I  
‘ say, because demand must be made—  
‘ refuses to restore it on demand, to the  
‘ proper, lawful owner, there an action  
‘ lies, and, under this predicament, we  
‘ shall recover our lap-dog.’ The lady  
seeming pleased with this harangue, the  
orator continued in the following man-  
ner; ‘ if therefore, madam, this lady—  
‘ whosoever she is, *A.* or *B.* or any name  
‘ serves our purpose—if, I say, this ex-  
‘ traordinary lady, as your ladyship just  
‘ now described her, took your dog be-  
‘ fore witnesses, and refused to restore  
‘ it on demand, why then we have a  
‘ lawful action, and shall recover da-  
‘ mages.—Pray, madam, do you  
‘ think you can swear to the identity  
‘ of the dog, if he should be produced  
‘ in a court of justice?’ The lady an-  
swered, ‘ yes, she could swear to him  
‘ amongst a million, for there never was  
‘ so remarkable a creature.’ ‘ And you  
‘ first became possessed of him, you say,  
‘ madam, at the university of *Cambridge.*  
‘ —Pray,



‘ —Pray, madam, will the gentleman, who invested you with him, be ready to testify the donation?’ She answered affirmatively. ‘ And pray, madam, what is the colour of your dog?’ ‘ Black and white, sir.’ ‘ A male, or female, madam?’ To this the lady replied, ‘ she positively could not tell;’ whereupon, the counsellor, with a most sapient aspect, declared he would search his books for a precedent, and wait on her, in a few days, to receive her final determinations; but advised her, in the mean while, to try the effect of another letter upon her ladyship, and once more threaten her with a prosecution. He then waited upon her to her chariot, observed that *it was a very fine day*, and promised to use his utmost endeavours to reinstate her in the possession of her lap-dog.

THIS was the state of a quarrel between two ladies for a dog, and it seemed as if all the mouths of the law would have opened on this important affair (for lady *Tempest* continued obstinate in keeping him) had not a most unlucky accident happened to balk those honourable gentlemen of their fees, and disappoint them

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them of so hopeful a topic for shewing their abilities. This unfortunate stroke was nothing less than the death of our hero, who was seized with a violent pthific, and after a week's illness, departed this life on the second of *June*, 1749, and was gathered to the lap-dogs of antiquity.

FROM the moment that he fell sick, his mistress spared no expence for his recovery, and had him attended by the most eminent physicians of *London*; who, I am afraid, rather hastened than delayed his exit, according to the immemorial custom of that right venerable fraternity. The chamber-maids took it by turns to sit up with him every night during his illness, and her ladyship was scarce ever away from him in the day-time; but, alas! his time was come, his hour-glass was run out, and nothing could save him from paying a visit to the *Plutonian* regions.

It is difficult to say, whether her ladyship's sorrow now, or when she formerly lost him in the *Mall*, most exceeded the bounds of reason. He lay in state three days after his death, and her ladyship,

ladyship, at first, took a resolution of having him embalmed, but as her physicians informed her the art was lost, she was obliged to give over that chimerical project; otherwise, our posterity might have seen him, some centuries hence, erected in a public library at a university; and who knows but some antiquary of profound erudition, might have undertaken to prove, with quotations from a thousand authors, that he was formerly the *Egyptian Anubis*?

HOWEVER, tho' her ladyship could not be gratified in her desires of embalming him, she had him buried, with great funeral solemnity, in her garden, and erected over him an elegant marble monument, which was inscribed with the following epitaph, by one of the greatest elegiac poets of the present age.

*King of the garden, blooming rose!  
Which sprang'st from Venus' heavenly  
woes,*

*When weeping for Adonis slain,  
Her pearly tears bedew'd the plain,  
Here now thy precious dew's destill,  
Now mourn a greater beauty's ill;*

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*Ye lilies! hang your drooping head,  
Ye myrtles weep! for Pompey dead;  
Light lie the turf upon his breast,  
Peace to his shade, and gentle rest.*

CHAP. XV.

*The CONCLUSION.*

**H**AVING thus traced our hero to the fourteenth year of his age, which may be reckoned the threescore and ten of a lap-dog, nothing now remains, but to draw his character, for the benefit and information of posterity. In so doing we imitate the greatest, and most celebrated historians, lord *Clarendon*, Dr. *Middleton*, and others, who, when they have put a period to the life of an eminent person (and such undoubtedly was our hero) finish all with a description of his morals, his religion, and private character: Nay, many biographers go so far, as to record the colour of their hero's complexion, the shade of his hair, the height of his stature, the manner of his diet, when he went to bed at night, at what hour he rose in the morning, and other equally important particulars; which



which cannot fail to convey the greatest satisfaction and improvement to their readers. Thus a certain painter, who obliged the world with a life of *Milton*, informs us, with an air of great importance, 'that he was a short thick man,' and then recollecting himself, informs us a second time, upon maturer deliberation, 'that he was not a short thick man, but if he had been a little shorter, and a little thicker, he would have been a short thick man;' which prodigious exactness, in an affair of such consequence, can never be sufficiently applauded.

Now as to the description of our hero's person, for that we shall refer the reader to the frontispiece prefixed to this work, and proceed to his religion, his morals, his amours, &c. in conformity to the practice of other historians.

LET it be remembred, in the first place, to his credit, that he was a dog of the *most courtly manners*, ready to fetch and carry, at the command of all his masters, without ever considering the service he was employed in, or the person

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son from whom he received his directions: He would fawn likewise with the greatest humility, on people who treated him with contempt, and was always particularly officious in his zeal, whenever he expected a new collar, or stood candidate for a ribbon with other dogs, who made up the retinue of the family.

FAR be it from us to deny, that in the first part of his life he gave himself an unlimited freedom in his amours, and was extravagantly licentious, not to say debauched, in his morals; but whoever considers that he was born in the house of an *Italian* courtesan, that he made the grand tour with a young gentleman of fortune, and afterwards lived near two years with a lady of quality, will have more reason to wonder that his morals were not entirely corrupted, than that they were a little tainted by the ill effect of such dangerous examples.

As to religion, we must ingenuously confess that he had none; in which respect he had the honour to bear an exact resemblance to all the well-bred people  
O of

of the present age, who have long since discarded religion, as a needless and troublesome invention, calculated only to make people wise, virtuous, and unfashionable; and whoever will be at the pains of perusing the lives and actions of the great world, will find them, in all points, conformable to such prodigious principles.

In politics it is difficult to say whether he was a whig or a tory, for so great was his caution, that he never was heard on any occasion to open his mouth on these subjects; and therefore each of those illustrious clans of men may be allowed to lay claim to him, unless perhaps they should both concur, as is sometimes the case, to despise him for observing a neutrality.

For the latter part of his life, his chief amusement was to sleep before the fire, and indolence grew upon him so much, as he advanced in age, that he seldom cared to be disturbed in his slumbers, even to eat his meals: His eyes grew dim, his limbs failed him, his teeth dropped out of his head, and, at length,

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length, a phthific came very seasonably to relieve him from the pains and calamities of long life.

Thus perished little *Pompey*, or *Pompey the Little*, leaving his disconsolate mistress to bemoan his fate, and me to write his eventful history.

F I N I S.



BOREY THE LITTLE

of the same kind as the one which I have just described, but the pain is not so severe, and the patient is not so much distressed. The pain is not so severe, and the patient is not so much distressed.

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